

A TREASURE CHEST
a n c
OF RARE SPICE

WHAT GOOD ARE WOMEN?

Jenn



JULY 50¢



TWENTY PERCENT COOLER INSIDE see Vacation at Home



PINUPS
FICTION
HUMOR
ARTICLES

jem

A Treasure Chest of Rare Spice

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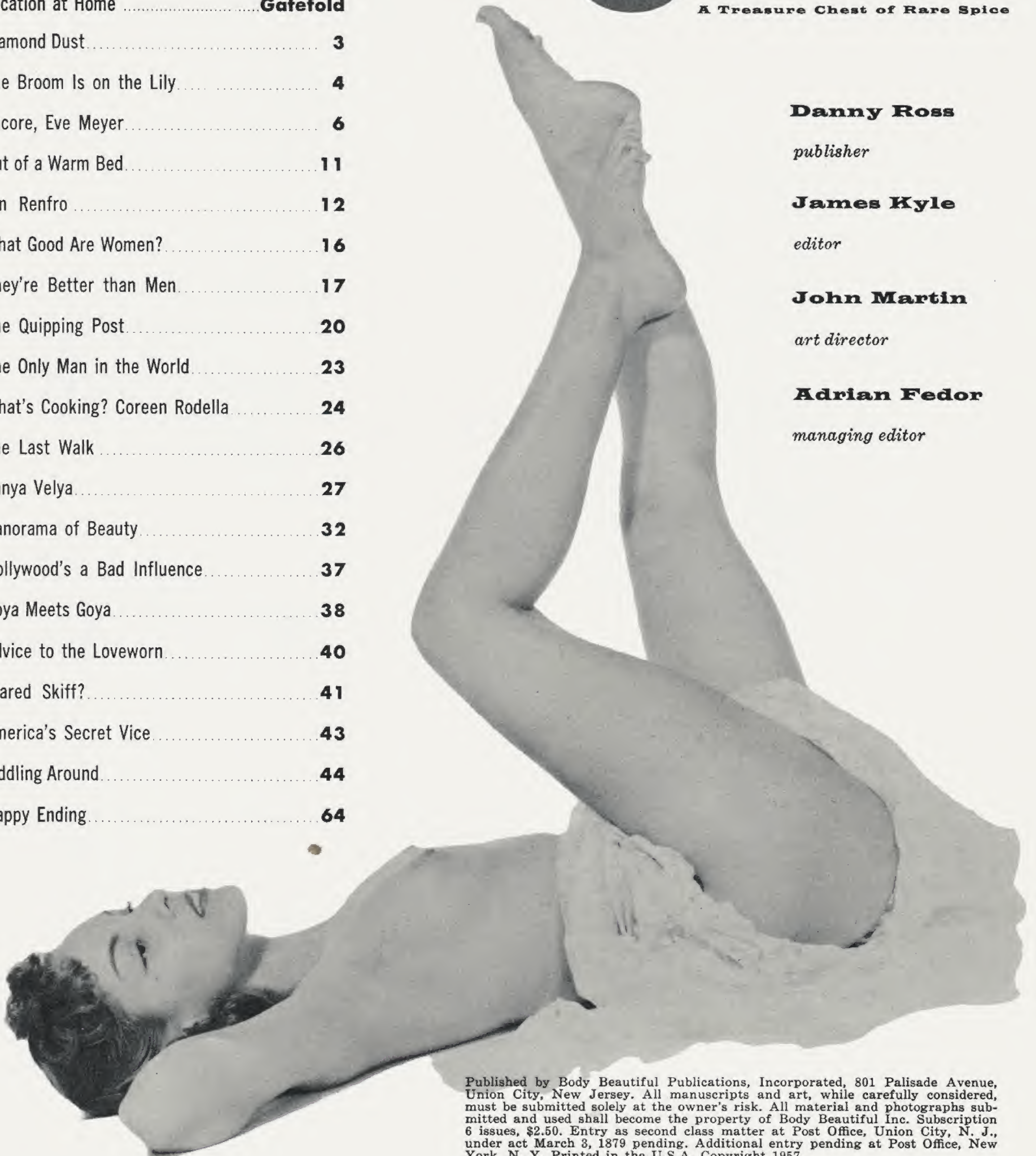
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SOUTHERN EXPOSURE

Ultra violet at the flick of a switch, music as you like it and a copy of JEM. What more could the beach offer, except possibly wolf whistles and sand in your ears?



SOUTHERN COMFORT

After the beach, a peaceful
rest in the shade of a palm,
with all the accessories.



SELF SURF-ICE... No beach at home for the afternoon dip,
so a do-it-yourself kit takes the place of the surf.



SUMMER STILL LIFE:
"Love Is The Sweetest Thing"



DIAMOND

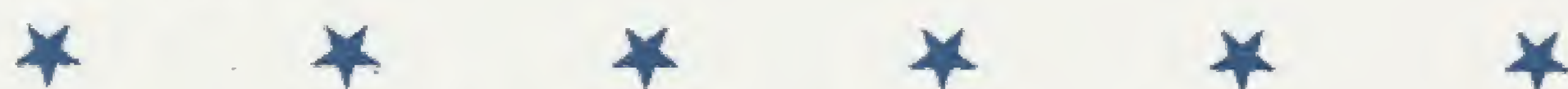
DUST



FRIEND OF OURS, quite a famous jazz musician and a real hep character, recently had the ownership of an undertaking establishment thrust upon his unwilling shoulders. Being an enterprising and energetic young man, he immediately set about ways and means of getting more business through high-powered promotion and salesmanship.

So far, he has come up with only one idea new to the undertaking business—a deferred payment proposition which he calls his “layaway plan.” Naturally, the slogan for his plan will be “Plant now. Pay later.”

We can hardly wait to see what he comes up with next.



WE DON'T think our friend has yet shown the enterprise and ingenuity displayed by another undertaker we heard of the other day. It seems this gentleman had done a beautiful job of laying out the corpse of a middle-aged man when the widow of the deceased visited his establishment to view the results.

“Oh, he looks perfectly wonderful,” said the widow, “but he’s laid out in street clothes. I wanted him in a dinner jacket, with a white flower in his lapel.”

“It’s too late now,” the undertaker informed her. “The job is done.”

“Oh, please,” begged the widow. “His lodge brothers and all his relatives are coming to pay their respects tonight and I do so want them to see him properly laid out in a dinner jacket with a white flower in his lapel. Can’t you do something?”

The undertaker pondered a moment, then told her: “Well, I haven’t much time, but I’ll try. You go across the street and have a cup of coffee and when you come back, I’ll try” *(Continued on page 63)*



The BROOM is on the LILY

By KENNETH FARIS

■ Hob Doggett came up to Midvale from Coon Run County with his consumptive wife Sympathy, a consumptive sow, three consumptive Rhode Island Reds, a consumptive hound, and a consumptive 1926 Essex. His only asset was his half-wit daughter Lily.

To say that Lily was an asset is to say that of all the raggle-taggle, half-patched hand-me-downs in Hob's possession, Lily was the only thing that presented a whole, well-put-together appearance. All bosom and bottom, Lily had more contours than a relief map of the Great Smokies. Her hair fell like butterscotch topping onto shoulders of peach ice cream and forty-plus inches of two fantastic jumbo dips of the same. Her waist and hips would have sent a lady wasp scurrying fretfully to the bathroom scales,

while a frazzled feed-sack dress skimpily tried to confine what Dame Nature had not intended that it should. At eighteen, Lily was a virgin and in her fuzzy-minded way, this seemed to be a perfectly natural state of affairs. To the swains of Midvale in their single-minded ways, it did not.

No sooner had Hob relocated his mud-fence household than multitudes of assorted young males materialized from behind trees and bushes like lurking redskins. They maundered and loitered, gazing with hot-eyed purposefulness upon the overwhelming and oblivious Lily. Lanky Chicken-Neck Meeker was the first to establish contact. He claimed to have deflowered every likely blossom in the township and was now confronted by the fairest horticultural challenge yet. With magnificent insouciance he worked up to the porch and draped a leg over the unreliable railing. With an equally magnificent disregard for originality, he began, "Nice day."

Lily raised from her sweeping and looked into (Continued on page 60)

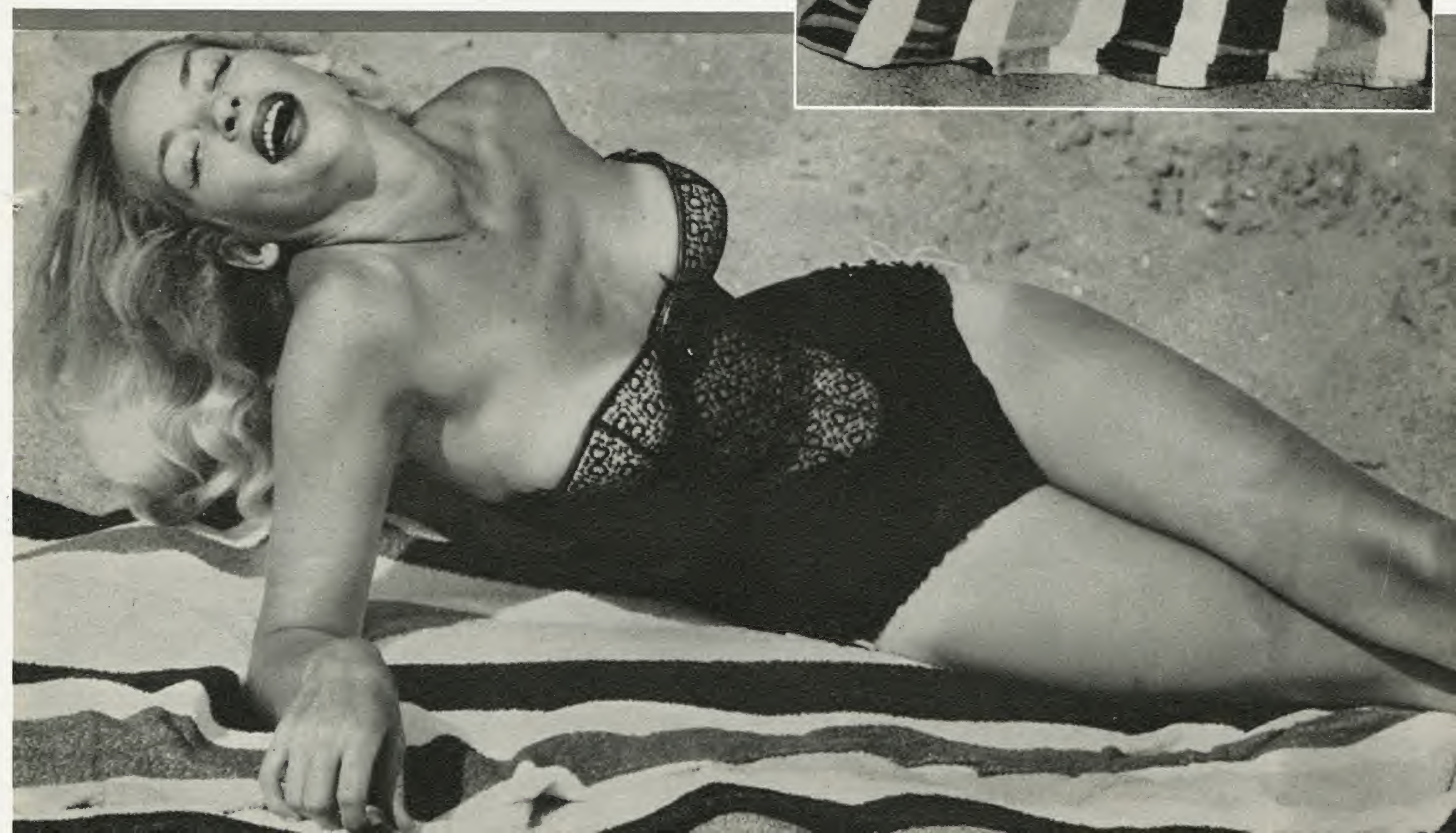


ENCORE:

EVE MEYER

"Bring 'em back Alive!" is an ancient maxim of the publishing business. We've had so many requests for a repeat performance of Eve that
HERE SHE IS . . .

Every once in a while—and no oftener (for which the secretarial forces give thanks), we run the picture of a girl who strikes the public fancy. When that happens, mail starts to pile up, telephones go unanswered and editors go crazy (did we say go?), simply because we are unable to cope with the public interest aroused. Such a girl—and such resultant confusion—has been Eve Meyer. Here SHE is again. And let that be the end of it (Are we kidding? Turn the page!)



SEE?





If you can think of any other ridiculous things she should be doing in front of the camera before we close the case, let us know—and we probably will ignore it.



OUT OF A WARM BED

By WILLIAM A. ARTER

The night was cold—and so
was his wife. All of which led to
Pete Landon's tantalizing adventure.

HE pulled the front door hard. It shut with a slam; a loud noise at near midnight in such a quiet neighborhood.

"She heard that, all right," he said. He wondered whether she was standing at the front window—or whether she'd just shoved her tail deeper in the damn bed.

"Go ahead and get your stinking sleep," he said bitterly.

He was still hot with anger and frustration. The warmth of the bed was gone, though. The air was cold. A shivering fit seized him. He stood a moment, looking up at the bedroom window. No sign of her there. He looked back at the door. It looked like the door to someone else's house. But he had the key right in his hand. He shivered; sorted out the doorkey.

"No, dammit! I shouldn't have started it; but can't go back now."

He turned, almost ran to his car at the curb. He fumbled the ignition key into place and stepped on the starter. Lord, what a lot of noise it made. Neighbors will wonder: especially Mrs. Grome. She keeps tab on the whole neighborhood. "I'll pull away without turning on the lights."

He leaned forward to take one more look at the bedroom

window. Then, viciously, jerked the car into gear and gunned it. Half a block down the street, he turned on the lights.

He turned toward the boulevard. The only place to go was uptown. He started talking to himself. "If I was the kind of guy who has a mistress, I'd have no problem. Who the hell do I know to call. Lord, how many years since I've carried telephone numbers. . . .

"How about that doll, Audrey? She's got that look in her eye. At the coffee break, this morning . . . how was it she put it, 'If one of you strong, handsome males will stop at my apartment and help me move some furniture, I'll buy a drink.' That was it. Walt took it up. Said he'd move the furniture. Bet he won't. All talk. . . . Wonder where she lives. Hell, can't even remember her last name. Audrey —, Audrey —; won't come. . . .

"I could call Jim. He'd know her name; but he'd blab it all over the office. . . . Wait! She bowls with a team at the Plaza. Just stop in there and check the standings. Find her if there aren't too many Audreys."

He speeded up. At the Plaza he swung into the big, nearly deserted parking lot. In (Continued on page 58)



Jan Renfro



■ Our Jan is no relation to Renfrow of the Mounted. She does all her riding in a basket, where she makes a very pretty Easter egg indeed—if that's your idea of fun. And that's eggs-actly our idea, too. Which is the reason we present this pretty and appetizing pot of Jan (ooooo-ooo, what a pun!). Seriously, Miss Renfro was born in Seattle, Washington, where she attended grade school. From Seattle she went to Hollywood. In the Film

Capital she graduated with honors, which included winning several beauty contests.

She now is studying dramatics, and hopes to make a name for herself—other than Renfro—as a thespian (or is it thespianess?). To make both ends meet she works as a cigarette girl in one of the larger night clubs on the famed Sunset Strip in Hollywood. "I like my work," says Jan, "because it gives me so much practice in saying 'no!' "

OUT OF THE BASKET . . .

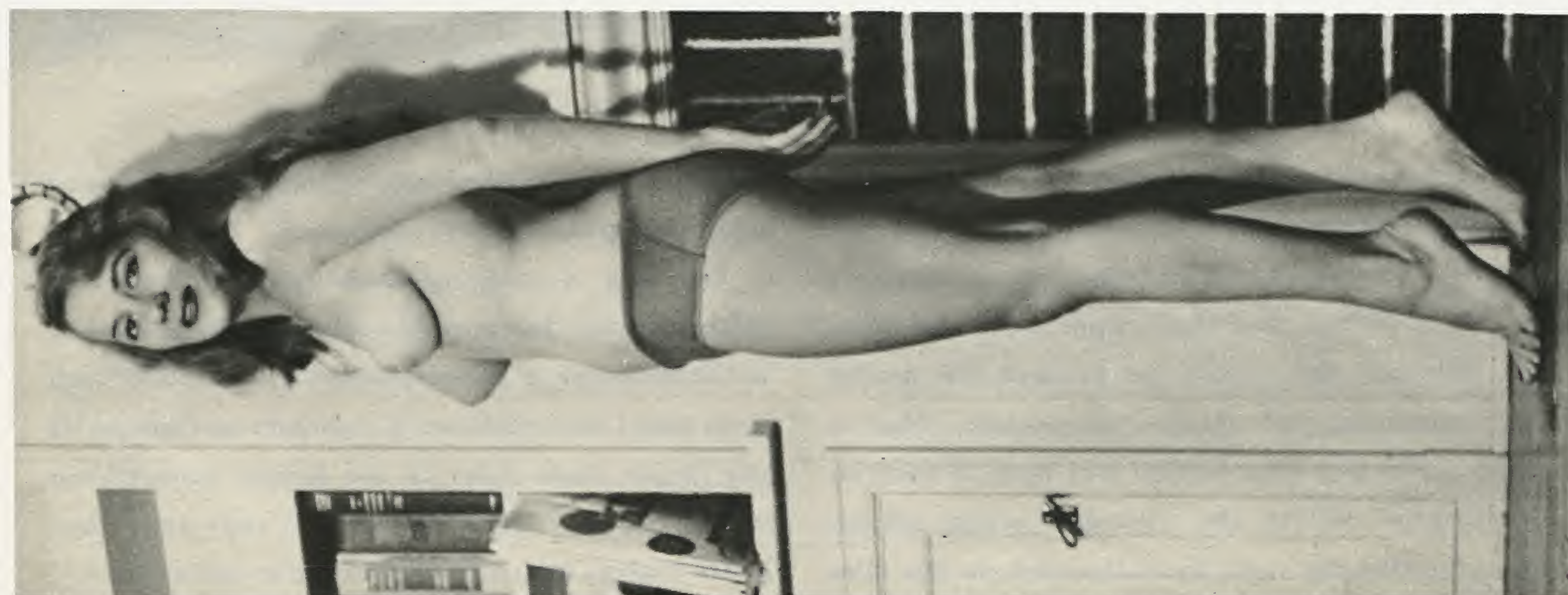
JAN STICKS HER FOOT

INTO THE POOL . . .



AND PROVES SHE CAN FIT IN ANYWHERE,

EVEN (IF YOU'LL TIP THE PAGE SIDEWAYS) STANDING UP.

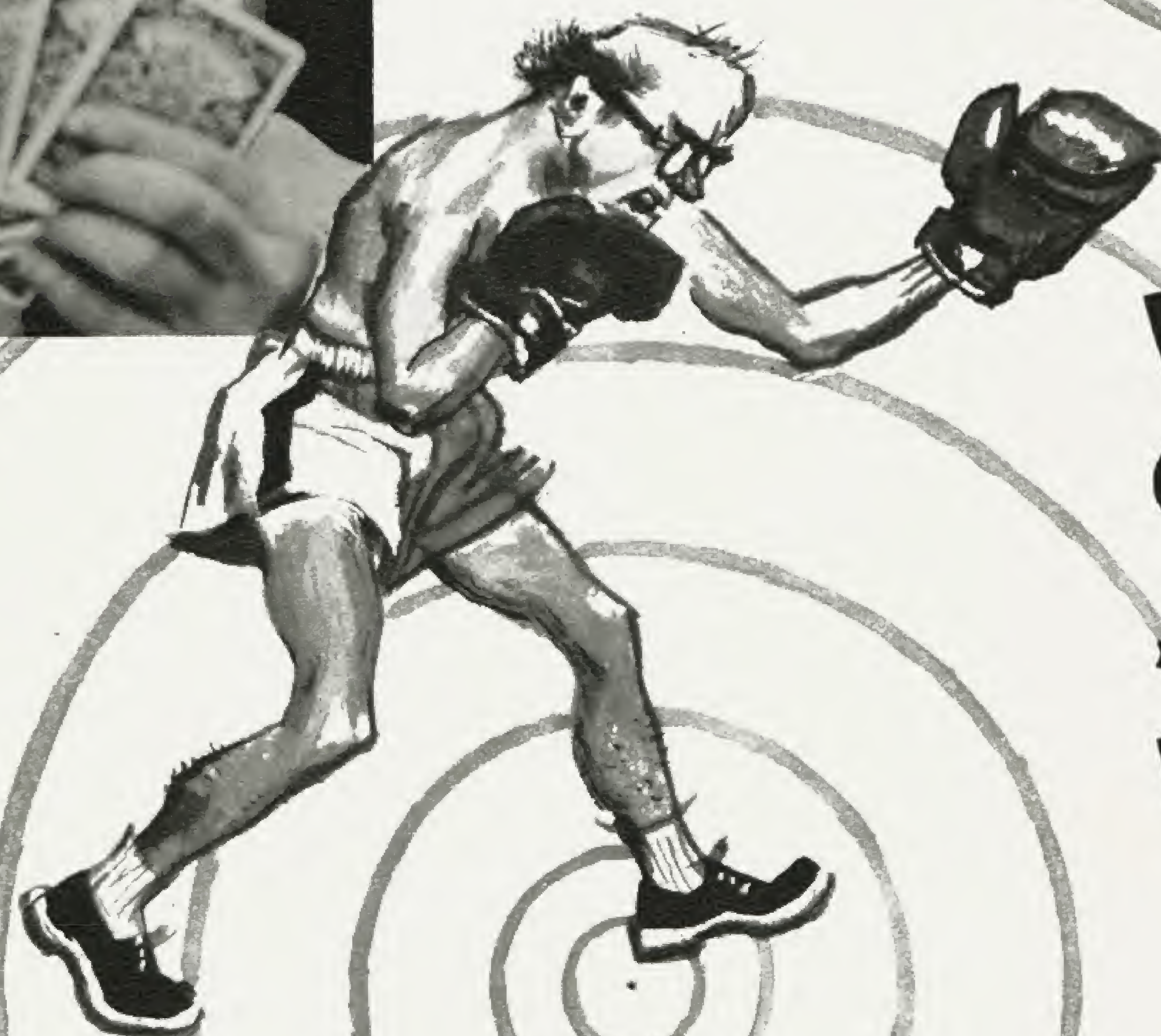


■ Like her namesake in the Redcoats, Jan's hobby is horse-back riding, along with dancing and swimming. And did we say she fits? She's five-feet-four, weighs 120, and Jem Dandy's tape measure chalks off the curves at 36-24-36. Does she get her man? All of them!





By **WILLIAM McCORMICK** *male*



★ WHAT GOOD ARE WOMEN?

FROM time to time I have written about, or discoursed upon, the general uselessness of womankind.

Such dissertations invariably have evoked the righteous wrath of a frightening number of dissenters.

Those who have violently disagreed with my well-founded, but good-natured, contempt for the opposite sex may roughly be classified as follows:

1. *Women*
2. *Men*

From this rather comprehensive group of dissenters, it would seem there should come some irrefutable arguments in favor of admitting women to full-fledged, contributing membership in the human race instead of relegating them to the status of non-essential associates, as I so strongly advocate. Such, however, has not been the case.

Almost without exception, the rebuttals to my carefully reasoned and logically presented views have consisted of:

1. *The question; Didn't you have a mother?*
2. *The charge; You have deflowered American womanhood.*
3. *The question; Would you want your son to marry a man?*
4. *The charge; You're a lousy writer who splits infinitives.*
5. *The question; Did you ever taste my Aunt Emma's deep-dish apple pie?*
6. *The charge; You are a homosexual.*

None of these irrelevant rebuttals merits being dignified

by a sensible answer and I have ignored them all (with the exception of charges No. 4 and No. 6. I am heartily in agreement with charge No. 4 and to charge No. 6 my answer has always been; Step right up, ladies, and find out for yourselves. I have more fun that way!)

After many years of jousting with windmills and windbags on the subject, it now seems that I am to be given some real competition. Josephine Little, a self-elected defender of womankind, is a well-known and pretty good (for a woman) writer in her own name, which is not Josephine Little. She has the clear-cut reasoning power of a nine-year-old boy, which is par for her sex. She has a good vocabulary, including all the four-letter words, which I hope she uses in the interests of creating some real excitement.

So, here I go with the same old time-tested arguments against the female of the species. I sincerely hope Josephine comes up with some good answers. Otherwise, I'll have to drop the subject—and I do like to live dangerously.

Just to be fair, Josephine, let us start out with the professions and occupations in which women have always been on an equal basis with men. For instance, sewing and cooking. For centuries, during which woman's place was happily considered to be in the home, the female ruled supreme over the frying pan and the needle. Yet, you cannot name one famous chef, Josephine. Men's stomachs rebelled at the greasy or overly sweet concoctions their females whipped up in the (Continued on page 18)

By **JOSEPHINE LITTLE** *female*



★ ... THEY'RE BETTER THAN MEN!



WOMEN are, of course.

Are what? Are better than men, naturally.

As if we of that "distinct, perhaps sub-human species" didn't know it already!

Actually, all any unsure woman has to do to convince herself is to read William McCormick's literary diaphoresis on the opposite page—providing she can pry the pages of this chromogenic tribute to the girls out of the hands of some beady-eyed male.

Men have been running off at the brain about women, a la McCormick, ever since an eager beaver named Adam got lonely and parted with a rib. Thus came Eve, the first woman, and being limited in her choice, she consented to become Mrs. Adam.

Despite the fact she was the product of Adam's rib—and all Adams have been ribbing her ever since—she was different.

But after a while it is probable that Adam, as all men are wont to do when they are backed to the wall, beat Rex Harrison to the punch with his own ancient version of

"Why can't a woman
Be more like a man?"

A plaintive ditty, indeed. And fraught with innuendo. Does William McCormick (or does Rex Harrison—or did Adam, for that matter) really want a woman like a man?

Who's ribbing whom, considering (on the basis of confidential but documented evidence) that rebuttal Number

6 in the case of McCormick vs. Women is as trumped up as a self-inflatable brassiere?

(And while we're on this point, Bill, *who* has more fun finding out for themselves? Who snaps the garters, pinches bottoms, chases secretaries around the desk, or spends lunch hours on a windy corner, leering?)

I know your type. You're running scared.

You figure, for instance, that "What's My Line" is fixed because Dorothy Kilgallen is smarter than Bennett Cerf.

And you figure, for another example, that the reason the dollar isn't what it used to be is because the Treasurer of the United States who signs it—Ivy Baker Priest—is a woman. She is a woman, and the dollar is far from an honest buck these days, but it was the men who shrank it long before Ivy took over the treasury wash.

Actually, what do you mean by "time tested" arguments?

Of course I won't try to name one famous woman chef, although I could. (There's a woman in Normandy, France, whose omelets are extolled in every gourmet cookbook. There's a departed Mama named Leone who taught her son Gene enough to make him, currently, proprietor of the largest restaurant in the world. And there was also Lucretia Borgia, whose cookery with poison is history.)

But naturally, you do not find women as galley slaves in the greasy kitchens of restaurants. That is for Chinamen, Greeks, and temperamental over-sauced and under-sexed Frenchmen who are willing to (Continued on page 19)

YOU NEED A KNOCKOUT

WHAT GOOD ARE WOMEN?

(Continued from page 16)

kitchen, so the boys decided to take over the cooking and they produced men such as Brillat-Savarin, the likes of which have never been seen among the females. It is a significant fact that not a single *Chef de Cuisine* in a major restaurant is a woman, is it not?

For every female dress designer or hat creator we can give you a male (or almost) couturier. For each Ceil Chapman or Schiaparelli we have a Jacques Fath or Christian Dior, for every Lilly Dache a Mr. John.

Music, painting and writing—being considered the “gentler” arts—always have been wide open to women. In fact, females have been encouraged to practice these genteel pastimes. What have they done with their opportunities?

Music is a form of expression in which women, being reputedly more emotional than men, should excel. But they don't. A great musician or composer must not only be a person of the deepest feelings, but must perfect his technique through years of devoted study and practice. Women's emotions are about as shallow as a bird bath and as sincere as a Communist peace movement (they are more noticeable than men's because they are constantly paraded). And women are just too damned lazy to undergo the hard grind necessary to perfect technique. So, we have no outstanding female performers in the world of music. True, a few have been able to peck out tinkly tunes on a piano or scratch out yowls from the catguts well enough to make Carnegie Hall, but there have been

no Rubinsteins or Solomons or Menuhins among the women.

Women have ground out a few monotonous hymns or syrupy ballads, but the breed has produced no Beethovens, Bachs or Loewes.

An occasional Rosa Bonheur has broken away from daubing pink roses on teacups to give us some fairly good and vigorous paintings, but where are the female Rembrandts, Van Goghs, Gauguins and Dufys? Palette talent is so rare among women that when an octogenarian grandmother starts depicting the scenes of her childhood in crude form, it creates a sensation in the artistic world.

There have been a handful of accomplished women writers, such as Louisa May Alcott, the Brontë sisters and George Sands (whose femininity was suspect, to say the least), but where are the De Maupassants, the Hugos, the Dickenses and the Conrads? And what contemporary female scribblers are in the same league with Hemingway, O'Hara, Faulkner, Woulk and Steinbeck, to name just a few?

It would seem that while the girls started out even, or perhaps a bit ahead of the males, in music, painting and writing, they have wound up a poor second, to make the understatement of the year.

Teaching is a profession that has been open to women on even terms for many generations, yet how many great educators has the sex produced? Even the greatest modern authority and teacher on child care (supposedly woman's sacred province) is a man!

Women have always been on an equal basis with men in another great art,



dancing. Yet for every Pavlova we have a Nijinski and we can match every Eleanore Powell with a Bill Robinson, Gene Kelly or Fred Astaire.

It is just possible that women excel on the stage. If so, that is altogether logical, as acting is make-believe, the art of being phony—and that's right up the distaff side's alley. Nevertheless, for every Tallulah Bankhead the men have a John Barrymore; for each Sarah Bernhardt an Edwin Booth. Women, being devoid of a sense of humor, do not make good comedians. For every Bea Lillie, the men can boast a Jimmy Durante, Bill Fields, Joe E. or Jerry Lewis.

Today, few professions or businesses (except those involving hard manual labor, which the women scorn) are closed to females—and they compete on equal terms despite loud and anguished protests that they are continually discriminated against. And how many outstanding financial or business geniuses have the women produced? Only one comes to mind, Hettie Green, a pinch-penny old miser. Women control most of the money in the United States today, yet who do they get to run their financial affairs for them? Men, of course. (Continued on page 57)

...TO GET A DRAW

...THEY'RE BETTER THAN MEN!

As a frightened male, you insist that women are “sly, crafty, greedy and ruthless beyond the ken of men.” Beyond the ken, honestly! Did you ever *try* to understand women?

In the United States alone there are 100 women for every 98.6 men, and right there you can see the reason for McCormick's inferiority complex.

Women have one third of all the jobs in America—and one million of them are business executives or owners of their own firms. All told, there are 22 million of them at work today. Half of them are married. And who do you suppose comes home and does the cooking and the sewing when day's work is done?

The male? Hah!!

No wonder there aren't more famous women. How can they have time to be famous when the all-mighty male depends on them to make sure his nose is properly kipped, his belly is full and his pants are zipped up?

Ever since Adam gave up that rib, you males have been trying to get even.

You tried to make girls go to separate schools, but when somebody invented the co-educational process did the boys flee to monasteries?

You kept girls out of bars—I believe they were called saloons then—but you had plush paintings of naked women hanging over the whiskey bottles.

You sought (and still do) refuge in clubs where no women set foot, except perhaps when the mortgage gets out of hand. And what do you do in those male sanctuaries? You compare notes about women—and fight over the current copy of JEM.

You go to mixed cocktail parties (a dismal phrase which brings to mind only soggy canapes and mixed nuts) and what happens? Either all the males huddle in one corner to talk about women—or huddle around the sexiest-looking female guest to drool about one woman.

Don't flee yet, McCormick. We women spend most of our time catering to the males, and we give up our lives for them—as witness Grace, now Mrs. Rainier, Kelly. But we make our own mark.

When men think of stage and screen, do they pant over the Clark Gables and Rock Hudsons? Of course not. They sigh over the Jayne Mansfields and Betty Grables.

I can give you a few names you missed among women famed in varied circles: Maria Callas. Marian Anderson, Lily Pons, Georgia O'Keefe, Mary Roberts Rinehart, Martha Graham, Helen Hayes, Katherine Cornell, Clare Booth Luce, Eleanor Roosevelt, Babe Zaharias . . .

It would be quite a list if I got going, McCormick. But who wants mere names?

We women are smart enough to know we really rule the smug male world from behind the scenes.

We're better automobile drivers—and the insurance companies now recognize it, having penetrated the sham of all those masculine jokes about women drivers.

We're less fragile than men; we live longer; we're less prone to ulcers, alcoholism and gout—probably because we don't get to eat all those fat-cat expense-account three-martini lunches.

We're vital to your career. Big companies these days want to know what *we*

(Continued on page 56)



THE teacher took her third-grade class for an extensive tour of the zoo. The next day she instructed the children to write an essay about their trip.

Pencils started scratching busily, but in a few moments one little boy held up his hand.

"Teacher, how do you spell *woom*?" he asked.

"Do you . . . er . . . do you mean the word relating to the reprod . . . er . . . er" she stammered in embarrassment.

"Do you mean the word for the female uterus?"

"Aw, no, teacher," replied the child scornfully. "I mean WOOM! Like when an elephant breaks wind."

* * *

The two lispng boys were sitting at the bar, holding hands and observing a first-class row between a man and a woman seated near them.

Finally, the man strode away from the woman, approached the bartender and said angrily, "Give me my check and let me pay up and get out of here before I punch that dame right on the nose."

One swish boy nudged the other and simpered smugly, "You see! Those mixed marriages *never* work."

The zebra had been imported from Africa to the government experimental farm in Beltsville to test its adaptability to farm work. Naturally, the surroundings were strange, so the zebra went around getting acquainted.

"What do you do around here?" the zebra asked the chicken.

"Oh, I lay eggs and hatch chicks, and when I'm too old for that, they kill me and eat me," he was informed.

The zebra questioned the pigs, the horses and other animals and finally came to the bull.

"What do you do around here?" he asked the bull.

The bull leered at the zebra suggestively and replied; "You take off those striped pajamas and I'll *show* you what I do around here."

* * *

Mr. McNabb and Mr. Carstairs had become fast friends after meeting on a trip to Europe. Upon their return, they agreed that since they both lived in New York and had similar likes and dislikes, they should see each other more often.

A few weeks later, Mr. McNabb called Mr. Carstairs and invited him to the opening night of the Metropolitan Opera.

"I'd like very much to go with (Continued on page 47)

Missing Page

Missing Page



When my husband propelled my lover forcibly through
the front door and threw rocks at him, I could tell
by the determined look in his big blue eyes that he was

the only MAN in the world

By S. LEVI

THE HANDS of the clock pointed to midnight and Herbert hadn't come back. All evening I had been fighting back a cold, gnawing fear, a fear that perhaps he wouldn't come back—ever! It just wasn't like him to stay away from his home and family as he had these past three months.

Looking back now, I can see many mistakes that I made in our marriage, and I know that if I have lost my Herbert, the only man I could ever love, it is the fruit of my own sins. I am not going to try to make excuses for what I did. But I can not help thinking that if I had had the advantage of a good home and loving parents when I was growing up, things might have turned out differently. As it was, my personality didn't exactly split—it just sort of shattered.

It was not so much the poverty I minded. I know my father did the best he could. He had to arise in the cold, gray dawn, and while still groggy with sleep, shave and dress and be at work in his bank by ten. When he came home from work late at night, he would be so tired that he would have to climb up the stairs to his bedroom on his hands and knees. I think his diet must have consisted mostly of fruit juices, for there was always an aura of peaches or apricots about his discarded clothes in the hall.

Mother was a dear, though I seldom saw her and sometimes got the impression that she didn't really understand me—like the time she kissed Eloise, my best girl friend, and said, "Happy birthday, darling!"

"But, Mom," I protested, laughing at her mistake, "I'm the one who has a birthday. I'm your daughter." (Continued on page 52)

What's Cooking: COREEN RODELLA



1

1 Coreen is the home type. She strains at the leash (the what?) when the very word “home” is mentioned, as you can see from this picture. She is ever eager to get at her pots, pans and dishes and likes nothing better than scrubbing up the works. To go back to the beginning, how would you like to attend a leash-breaking party with Coreen?

2 In a whodunit, it's always the butler who commits the crime. Here is Coreen in the butler's pantry, whipping up a drink—or a tasty morsel (and isn't she?). The big question for amateur Sherlock's will be, Who killed him... and with what? Our guess will be, It was Coreen, with her little (?) cocktail. P.S. 38... 22... 36½ (or that's what the man says).

3 Once in a while, even for a home type girl, comes a moment of relaxation—such as when Elvis Presley makes with the moans on radio or phonograph. This is just such a moment, and don't you wish *you* had sideburns so *you* could make Coreen react in this fashion? Or maybe you have other, and more conservative, ideas about how a housewife should react? Silly you!



4 Sometimes Coreen has company—and the very prospect excites her so that she finds herself breathing in short pants, as you can readily see. When the company arrives, Coreen's conduct is determined by the old song “It Hold de Pants on You.”





THE LAST WALK

By NICK ERJAVEC

HE can still remember every agonizing minute of that night. . . . The memories are coming back, again and again, pounding at his brain like tidal waves lashing at a rock in the seas. . . .

How long ago did it happen? Was it last night, last year, or a century ago? That he doesn't remember, only the rest of it. . . .

He walked with Her, slowly, through the deserted streets of the city, the footsteps echoing in the loneliness of the night.

He walked, without saying a word, thinking about the past, heading for the bridge, which he could see gradually emerging from the fog. And he knew that this would be the last time they were together.

He remembered the time when he first saw Her; he was admiring Her gracious appearance, Her exquisite shape, which made men stop and look, and look again. He was fascinated—there She was, as if waiting for him, and he knew he couldn't be without her.

He took Her with him, and then followed weeks and months of untold pleasure.

He remembered the long evenings when he sat by the fireplace and She was near him; he spoke to Her softly, spoke about himself and the burning passion he felt for Her, watching the flicker of the flames playing on Her body.

He was caressing Her with his eyes, expectantly, then suddenly reached out for Her, in an outburst of wild need and abandon, and She was always there, ready to please him, giving Herself to him in burning response to his desire, warm and lovely under the eager touches of his hands and lips.

And now, this was to be their last night together. It had to be tonight, or he would never have the courage again.

The slow staccato of the footsteps was now flatly resounding on the narrow walk of the bridge. The fog was hanging in the air like soiled pieces of gauze torn away mercilessly from someone's suffering body, still full of pain, despair, and agony.

And underneath, the black, hostile river, flowing slowly, menacingly, the same way his thoughts were flowing through his tortured brain.

Then the footsteps stopped. He leaned against the railing, his hands on Her body, lifting Her to his lips, eagerly, passionately, and She was trembling in his hands, and he was slowly pushing Her towards the darkness below.

Then with a sudden motion he threw Her over the railing, crying out to Her in pain, as Her body gleamed in the faint glow of the lone street-lamp, falling in the deadly fall.

He cried out, his good-bye to his favorite pipe . . . for he had just given up smoking.

★ ★

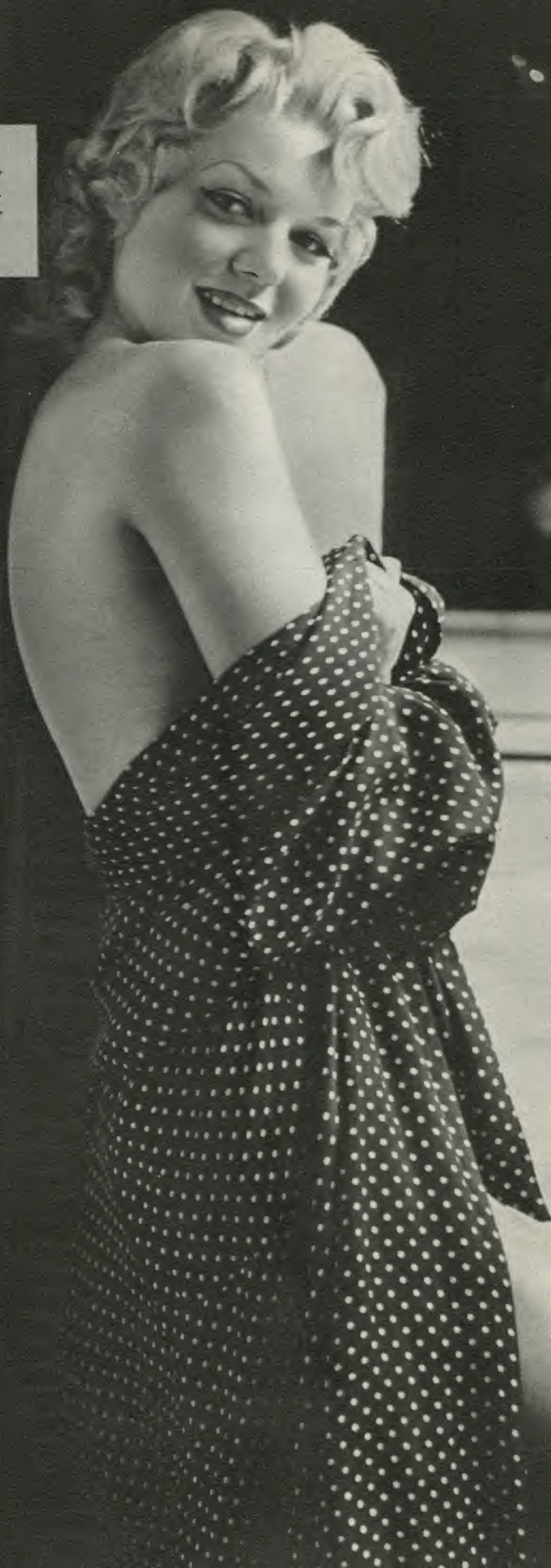


Black, black, black

(sings Burl Ives)

is the color of my true love's hair.

BUT nevertheless, as they say,
Many are cold but few are frozen.
Do you think this looks anything like
the deep, deep freeze?






BATH is a city in Maine. They say up there it's DOWN Maine, and maybe what we're getting here is the down Maine look. Askance, perhaps...

BELIEVE it or not, we forgot to tell you this gal's name is Tanya Velya. Well, here you have suds in your eyes. You want eggs in your beer?



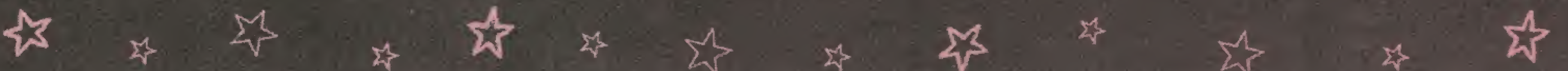
A black and white photograph of a woman with short, curly hair, looking over her shoulder. She is holding a towel and has her hand near her head. The background is dark with some out-of-focus lights.

BEAT it, bub! Bath time is over, and we'd better remind you that Tanya hails from Yugoslavia. And that, if you didn't know, is where Tito rules.





Or anyway . . .





You observe a young lady...



One must preserve the broad viewpoint.



HOLLYWOOD'S A BAD INFLUENCE

By R. FRED ARNOLD

■ The trim, efficient secretary with the pulled-back hair and horn-rimmed glasses suddenly—under the influence of a root beer frosted and some persuasive words from her wavy-haired boss—rips off her glasses and becomes a beautiful, ripe, full-blown glamor gal.

The tough kid, who likes to beat up old ladies and stick knives in the creamy backs of babies, meets up with a pretty little waitress and, presto, becomes a do-gooder who rescues stray cats from the taller trees.

The 28 wives of a ruthless desert sheik are all flea-bitten creatures, except for the one in the pale blue silk bathing suit, who turns out to be an escaped Hohenzollern princess and falls in love with the camel herder, who turns out to be an FBI agent on the trail of a gang of smugglers hiding star sapphires in the false humps of donkeys made up to look like camels.

These three examples are Hollywood's idea of true love. And the youth of today—in fact, the youth of a large hunk of yesterday, too—thinks of this as what love is really like. It's not. It's wrong. It corrupts our youth.

Love isn't glamorous like that. Love is pretty earthy business, full of basic drives and powerful emotions and animal urgency. None of this false glamour.

Look, for an example, at what is probably the most common kind of love affair the world has ever known—the kids who grow up together and then, along around 18 or so, realize that they love each other.

Hollywood would do it like this:

Just back from his first month of basic training, Clive is home on furlough. (Clive is played by William Holden, made up to look 18.) After a dinner (*Continued on page 46*)

BOYA MEETS GOYA!





ADVICE TO THE LOVEWORN

By **DON WAN**

Summer is a nice season for love. Every girl has hot lips because it's usually pretty steamy out.

But there's a big difference in romantic techniques between the cool winter and early spring and the warm summer nights. And it's vital to successful love to recognize this difference and be guided accordingly.

For example, if you fancy the chivalrous approach, it can be murder to go up to a girl in August and say, "Hi, there. Can I help you off with your coat?" when she's wearing nothing but a bathing suit.

So I suggest the basic, fundamental Don Wan Summer System as a good starter. You start with one of those brilliant summer nights, lousy with stars and mosquitoes, and you spot yourself a chick you'd like to cozy up to and you proceed as follows:

"Hi, babe. Hot enough for you?"

"I'll make it hotter in a minute, you two-tone masher, you."

"Now don't get hot under the collar, kitten."

"I'm not wearing a collar."

"So I've noticed. And, may I say that the neck you're not wearing a collar over is about as swan-like a piece of stuff as I've seen this year."

"Fresh!"

"How about a nice, tall one?"

"What kind?"

"Oh, say a ginger beer on the rocks."

"Now you're cooking with gas."

All this may seem simple, and it may seem that the answers are rigged. But observe that the whole conversation is plotted skillfully, that the remarks of the man almost automatically bring out the proper responses of the girl. That's the joy of this system—it's virtually foolproof, and I'm just the fool who knows.

And now to dip into the correspondence pool and answer some of my harassed letter-writers:

Dear Mr. Wan:

Do you believe in love at first sight? I had a blind date last night and, boy! Was she ever! Big, blonde, buxom and blind drunk. We had a ball. Never had so much fun since the night my mother put itching powder in Dad's false teeth paste. So I said to her this morning, after she sobered up, "I fell in love with you last night, at first sight." And she said to me, "Haven't I met you somewhere?" So now I don't know what to do, because at second sight she looks like a camel.

DISILLUSIONED

Dear Disillusioned:

Yes, I believe in love at first sight. (Continued on page 48)






Stared skiff?



AMERICA'S SECRET VICE PORNOGRAPHY

By **HOWARD BLAISE**



Countless books, pamphlets, and booklets have been published in the English language in the United States, England and other countries. The flood is a challenge to customs officials and other local law enforcement agencies. And the flow cannot be stopped.

OF ALL legend—and in this case, fact—about pornographic literature, probably the most fabulous revolves around the author of *Fanny Hill*, which may well be the most notorious pornographic book of wide circulation in modern history.

Written in the 18th century, it has been reprinted in innumerable editions and translated into numerous languages. In its own field, it is a classic which has survived the ravages of time and censorship, even though for some two centuries it has been sold only surreptitiously under the counter or in dark alleys, with the seller risking the same fate as the author.

But the man who wrote *Fanny Hill* first saw the inside of a jail for another reason. Like so many authors of his day, he was a penniless soul who was clapped into debtor's prison. In those days a man who couldn't pay his bills could very well rot in jail; once inside he could earn no money, and without money he had no prospect of getting out.

This scrivener was luckier—for a while. A London publisher with a keen business eye offered to pay off the back debts, for a price: The author must in return turn him out a top-notch volume of pornography.

The publisher had a ready market for such a book among England's gay blades; trapped in a literally lousy prison, where all he could do was lie on the questionable straw and dream of women, the author had few compunctions.

The bargain was struck. Free and fortified by a good meal and a supply of paper, quill pens and ink, he whipped out what is probably the best-written and, at the same time, lewdest book in the English language.

The fantasies of all his months in prison flowed from his pen and came to vivid life on paper as the story of *Fanny Hill*, a good girl gone wrong who eventually made it pay handsomely.

A good girl gone wrong is nothing new or sensational. It's a theme that keeps authors on the best-seller list and keeps box-office money flowing back to Hollywood every day. But what set *Fanny Hill* apart and made the book an immediate runaway—not over the bookstall counters but under them—were the details of *how* she went wrong.

Fanny Hill has aroused censors for two centuries to somewhat unsuccessful efforts to stop the publication of such books. Nevertheless, the demand remains steady among those who seek the erotic. Unexpurgated editions of "Lady Chatterly's Lover" can be found in the personal libraries of many a scholarly bibliophile, and court fights over its existence have received more publicity than *Fanny Hill* ever did—openly.

Ulysses, the Joycean epic which is as racy as it is—to most readers—obscure, has had magnificent court publicity, too. Yet who ever heard of the out-and-out pornography of Samuel (Mark Twain) Clemens (Continued on page 50)



If a girl fiddles around . . .



Would people say she's bass and viol?

of oysters on the half shell, pheasant under glass, asparagus with hollandaise sauce, crepes suzette and a demi-tasse (his father is a spot welder, but knows some pretty good spots), Clive relaxes on the front porch.

Suddenly, the girl-next-door comes sauntering by, on the way home from her job in the spinach de-sanding plant. Her name is Ondine. She stops suddenly, flings off her mink (sometimes she finds gold chips among the sand in the spinach) and breaks into a big grin.

ONDINE: Clive! You're back!

CLIVE: My back? What's wrong with my back?

ONDINE: I mean you're home.

CLIVE: By jove, so I am. How decent of you to notice.

ONDINE: Do you notice anything about me?

CLIVE: (Scrutinizing her.) Your eyes are bloodshot.

ONDINE: No, I mean about me in general.

CLIVE: No, I don't think so. Wait—can it be?—yes, it is! Ondine, you're a woman!

ONDINE: And, Clive, you're a man.

CLIVE: Well, well. Small world. The kid next door is a woman and the kid next door to her—that's me—is a man. Time does have a way of moving on, doesn't it.

ONDINE: Clive—

CLIVE: Ondine—

(They heave a heavy pant and then they sigh. They kiss. Fade-out).

Now this isn't the way it happens, really. And kids who grow up, believing this ridiculous pap, are in for a soul-shattering shock. Just suppose that you have the same two people as in the Clive-Ondine sketch, only Clive is a realist and Ondine has grown up on a diet of high-protein movies. This is the way they'd act:

ONDINE; Clive! You're back!

CLIVE: No kidding. Geez, what a dumb broad, sees me sitting on the stupid porch and all she can say is, 'You're back.' I wish I was back in the stupid camp.

ONDINE: I mean you're home.

CLIVE: That's another bright remark, stupid. You always was the idiot-child on the block. What else have you got to say?

ONDINE: Do you notice anything about me?

CLIVE: Well, you're fatter.

ONDINE: No, I mean about me in general.

CLIVE: I see whatcha mean. You're a big girl now, eh, baby? Well, one of these days—or nights—you come around and your old pal Clive will show you his Good Conduct Medal and some other trinkets. Yes, sirree, you sure are a big girl now.

ONDINE: And, Clive, you're a man.

CLIVE: If you wasn't such a dumb broad, I'd show you my souvenirs right now. But you always was pretty far down on the intellectual list, poor kid.

ONDINE: Clive—

CLIVE: Oh, well, for old time's sake. Come on, but just keep your big mouth shut.

Poor Ondine, the dumb broad, expected life would be like in the movies—that her Clive would say the gallant things, look deep into her eyes, do the kind and strong and glamorous things that William Holden does. Poor kid. Of course, it all came out the same in the end, but that's because Hollywood hasn't changed *that* yet.

For Ondine, then, it didn't cause too much inner turmoil—her man fell in love with her, even though he didn't do it with quite the same finesse and charm she'd been misled to expect.

But to others, growing up expecting life and love to be like it is on the silver screen, the shock of awakening can be traumatic. Take the case of the secretary and her boss.

In the movies, it goes like this:

Amapola is a faithful secretary. She can type like a machine gun, take dictation like a private and clear out an office like a hand grenade. She's a military machine in secretary's clothing. But she simply isn't pretty (she's played by Sheree North, with a tight black wig and a low-cut dress.) Her boss, Grant, treats her kindly but impersonally. He is a physicist and astronomer now working as vice-president of General Motors (he is played by Elvis Presley). One night, after getting out the big general report that saves the company from bankruptcy, this dialogue ensues:

GRANT: Miss Forsdyke, I cannot tell you how much I appreciate your loyalty and devotion to duty.

AMAPOLA: Devotion, perhaps, but not to duty, Mr. Garthwaite.

GRANT: But surely you can't mean—

AMAPOLA: I do. I cannot hide my feelings any longer. Mr. Garthwaite—Grant—I am made for you.

GRANT: Miss Forsdyke—Amapola—you have touched my heart.

AMAPOLA: Well, now it's your turn to touch mine. Or some other part of my anatomy.

GRANT: All right, but first—take off your glasses.

AMAPOLA: If you say so.

GRANT: Good God, you're beautiful. (Fade-out, clinch, etc.)

There are 27,854,276 secretaries and stenographers in the United States, Canada and Alaska who confidently believe that, one fine day, the above scene, or a reasonably accurate facsimile, will happen to them. As they see it, it's inevitable—just a question of time. So let's see what happens to one of those poor misguided souls.

Same scene, same two participants:

GRANT: Miss Forsdyke, I cannot tell you how much I appreciate your loyalty and devotion to duty.

AMAPOLA: Devotion, perhaps, but not to duty, Mr. Garthwaite.

GRANT: All right, Miss Forsdyke, that will be all. Thank you and good night.

AMAPOLA: Oh, Mr. Garthwaite,—Grant—I have to tell you. I can no longer hide my true feelings. I love you. I have from the moment you hired me.

GRANT: Control yourself, Miss Forsdyke. This is unseemly. Now get a grip on yourself and go home. Good night.

AMAPOLA: No, wait. Let me tell you—let me finish—you're supposed to stay—please, Grant.

GRANT: My poor little girl, you're crying. Here, wipe your eyes. Take your glasses off and dry your tears.

AMAPOLA: All right, I'll take my glasses off.

GRANT: Good God! You're even uglier with them off. Put 'em back on and go home.

And that is the end of Amapola's illusions and very possibly the end of Amapola. That night she might easily take her sauerkraut juice well-laced with strychnine. For the shock to her nervous system—the shock of learning that what happens in Hollywood movies doesn't happen in

real life—might lead to serious complications.

The trouble is we're breeding a nation lousy with Amapola Forsdykes. They've been taught that the world owes them a romance, and that just isn't so. All the world owes them is what nature gives them which, in normal cases, is a healthy interest in the opposite sex. If this healthy interest happens to be returned by a healthy interest from a member of the opposite sex, they're lucky. But if it does happen that way, it's just a coincidence.

If Hollywood's movies were true, Mother Nature would be out on her green ear inside of one weak-kneed generation. There'd be very little down-to-earth sex going on, just a lot of cocktail parties and exchanges of pretty compliments.

For the good of the human race, Hollywood had better revise its celebrated code again. And fast. What's needed is something that reads more or less like this:

"No movie shall be filmed that does not include at least one ordinary seduction.

"A girl cannot be shown without a sufficiently low-cut dress.

"Twin beds are not allowed—only double beds with no less than two occupants, nor more than four."

And more of the same. This will breed a nation of realistic youngsters, capable of dealing with life as it is. They won't grow up with rose-colored daydreams, expecting life to be a succession of jolly romances. They'll not only know that a spade is a spade, but they'll know what to do with one when they get their hands on it.

What is needed is a movie that is a true mirror of life, and perhaps the following scenario might show the movie moguls the proper direction to follow:

THE PURSUIT OF POLLY

(In Sexerama)

Polly Humble is a shop girl. She doesn't work in a shop, she just likes to go out and buy things. But she has no money, because her father, a semi-pro procurer, spends all his income on his hobby, philately. He doesn't actually collect stamps, he drinks and falls philat on his face.

In despair, Polly turns to the only thing she knows, jiu-jitsu. She's giving lessons one day to a society wastrel named Guy Ritch. The scenes on the mat are dillies, incidentally. Guy invites her up to his flat—he says he needs something round in it, it's so flat—and she goes, eagerly.

Eight months later she has a baby, which sets him to wondering. He kicks her out in the cold. She wanders through the city with her baby, sleeping one night with friends, one night with relatives, one

night with strangers. Finally, in despair, she turns to the only thing she knows, jiu-jitsu.

Her first pupil is—hold on to your flat-tops—Guy Ritch. He doesn't recognize her until he sees the strawberry mark on her bosom.

Then with tears in his eyes, he says, "Polly, I've been searching for you all over town. And at last I've found you. Tell me, what did you do with my green silk pajams?"

She answers him quite honestly, "I gave them to some guy on Park Avenue. He was fresh out."

And he says, "Oh," and they exit.

It's a touching story. You're left at the end not knowing for sure whether they went to his place or her place that night. Sort of a suspense story.

Now if kids grew up on that kind of red-blooded, human realism, there'd be less nervous breakdowns in this world. Also less psychiatrists. Also less unhappiness. And, probably, considerably less movies, which wouldn't be so bad, either.

★ ★

THE QUIPPING POST

(Continued from page 20)

you," Mr. Carstairs told him, "but I can't tonight. Finkler's playing."

A few weeks later Mr. McNabb again called Mr. Carstairs, this time to invite him to a performance of the Ballet Russe.

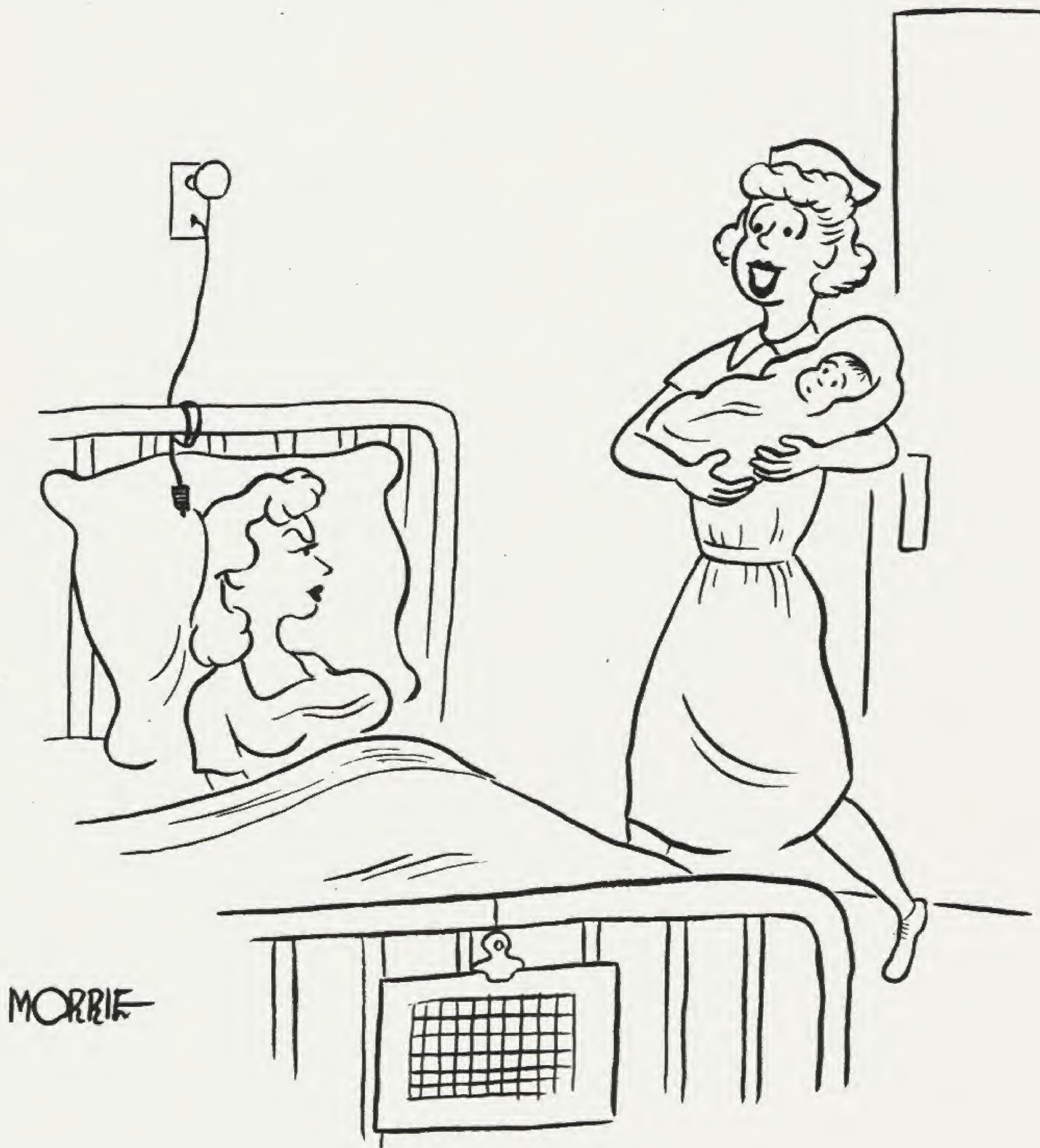
"Oh, I'd be delighted to see that," Mr. Carstairs said, "but I can't go tonight. Finkler's playing."

Once again Mr. McNabb called Mr. Carstairs, this time to invite him to the premiere of a new Broadway musical.

"I hate to miss that," Mr. Carstairs told him, "but tonight I can't go. Finkler's playing."

"Say, who is this Finkler?" demanded Mr. McNabb. "What does he play? Where does he play?"

"I don't know who Finkler is," confessed Mr. Carstairs, "nor what or where he plays. All I know is that when Finkler plays, I make love to his wife." ★ ★



"Draw one!"

I remember the first time I looked in the mirror, for instance. What a beautiful moment that was! But as for love at first sight between man and woman, bosh. All you might see at first sight is that she's beautiful, or that she's available, or that she is your type of girl. But it takes more than mere surface beauty or skin-deep attraction to make love. Love is something more than that, something that takes time to find out. For example, does she have any money?

* * *

Dear Mr. Wan:

Every time there's a full moon, I go around baying at girls. My psychiatrist says there's nothing I can do but lock myself in my room during the period of full moon. Can you offer any other solution?

COCKER SAMUEL

Dear Cocker Samuel:

The only thing I can suggest is get married. Then your wife can lock you in your room and relieve you of the responsibility. But that's just curing the effect, and what you should do is try to find the cause of your strange behavior. Why do you bay at girls when there's a full moon? I think if you analyzed your past, probed deeply into your subconscious, you could cure yourself. And wouldn't it be dandy to be free, to be able to go around baying at girls all month long like everyone else?

* * *

Dear Mr. Wan:

I hate the new shorts for men—the Bermuda shorts, or whatever you call them. I used to cut quite a dashing figure in the summer, in a nice tight sport shirt that showed off my rippling-muscled chest and a pair of gaily colored slacks. But now my secret's out—my knees have dimples. In shorts, everyone laughs at my knees and ignores my rippling-muscled chest. What'll I do?

KEWPIE

Dear Kewpie:

Plastic surgery, I assume, is too expensive for your pocketbook. But there is an inexpensive substitute. Chew a mixture of bubble-gum and cornstarch into a firm paste. Press it firmly into the dimples and hold for 18 minutes, until hard. Color with flesh-tone chalk until it matches your skin. The only trouble is that if you go swimming the mixture softens and subsequently every time you bend your knees you blow bubbles. That has a rather unnerving effect but it might be better than being laughed at.

Dear Mr. Wan:

I stopped speaking to my wife seven years ago. I remember, because it was just when we got our television set and the big fight was over whether to watch the Roller Derby or Milton Berle. Anyhow, I want to speak to her now but I don't know how to begin. It's imperative that I re-establish vocal communications with her, because I have to tell her I've changed my will and named the cat as my chief beneficiary. Can you suggest a way to begin this conversation?

BASHFUL

Dear Bashful:

I can see that you're the shy type. Shyness is sometimes a virtue but it can also be, as in this case, something of a stumbling block to normal social intercourse. I think the best thing for you to do is try the shock technique—say something so startling that she is certain to answer. You might say, "Honey, your skirt is on fire" or "Darling, don't look now, but there is a python in the cookie jar" or "Peaches, who is that man in the washing machine?" These are bound to bring a sudden response and, presto, you're back speaking. Personally, I think you're nuts to quit while you're ahead.

* * *

Dear Mr. Wan:

May a girl avail herself of your expert services? I am 18, blonde, blue eyed and my dimensions are 39-23-37. I think the phrase they use is "stacked." The only trouble I have is a slight speech defect—I can't pronounce the letter "N." It always comes out "G." Whenever I want to say "No," I say "Go." The result is that already I have four children with another one on the way. What should I do?

GAGGY GOOGAG

Dear Nancy Noonan:

You might just as well say "Yes."

* * *

Dear Mr. Wan:

I want to break off with my girl friend, but in a nice way. I don't want to hurt her. She's been very good to me—for six years, she supported me and gave me monogrammed T-shirts and cooked my eggs just the way I like them (sauteed in sparkling burgundy) and let me use her Porsche (front Porsche and back Porsche) and was, in general, a good scout. But now I've fallen in love with a rich girl and so I have to terminate this relationship. How can I do it without causing her too much mental anguish?

FAIRPLAY FRED

Dear Fairplay Fred:

Ah, my friend, there is no easy way to end a love affair. Someone is bound to get hurt. The best way is the quick way, however. Don't try to do it gently—that only prolongs the agony. Come out with it quickly. Say to her, one morning, "These eggs are lousy. No sparkle. I'm through. Do you understand? Through, through, THROUGH!" Then pack up your monogrammed T-shirts and walk out. In the long run, this will be easier on everyone. And, when you are settled in your new affair, send me the name of the old girl, please. Perhaps I can find a way to ease her over the readjustment period.

* * *

Dear Mr. Wan:

I am six. I hear the big boys talking about girls, like they was something special. I know a girl but I don't like her because she can run faster than me. Tell me, sir, what is so special about girls?

SLOWPOKE

Dear Slowpoke:

In the first place, you'll find as you grow older that girls can usually run faster than boys. Sometimes not faster, but shiftier and it amounts to the same thing. But you ask a very intelligent question—what IS so special about girls? Well, to start with, they're different from boys. And everybody likes things that are different. You probably like snakes or frogs or baby alligators, because they're different. Later on, you'll find that the differences between boys and girls are even more entertaining than the differences between boys and baby alligators. Another reason girls are special is that they think boys are special. And I'm sure you've already discovered it's a pleasant feeling to be wanted. So I just think you'd better wait around a couple of years and you'll probably join the club.

* * *

Dear Mr. Wan:

I'm sick and tired of love. I happen to be tall, handsome and charming. The girls can't leave me alone. It's almost obscene the way they throw themselves at me. I get so much loving that it bores me to distraction—and I know that's unnatural. What should I do?

MODEST MERWIN

Dear Modest Merwin:

Too much of anything is bad—too much whiskey, too much loving, even too much tiddleywinks can raise hob with the

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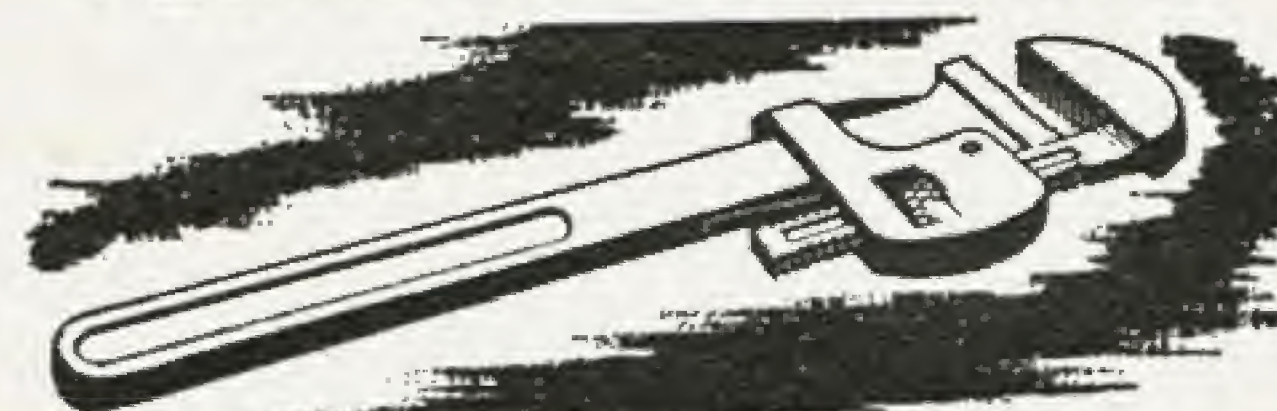
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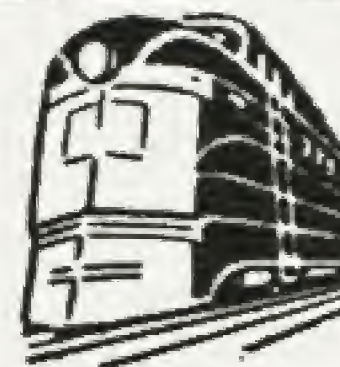
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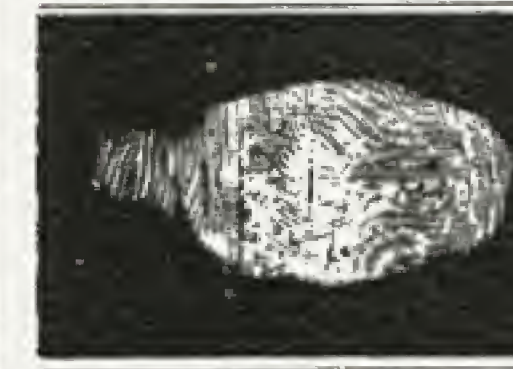
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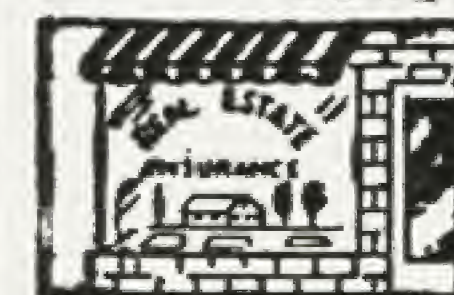
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fingernails. I think you're kidding when you say the girls can't leave you alone—it takes two to tango, you know. But assuming you're telling the truth, O.K. If they throw themselves at you, throw them back. Play hard to get. Give them the cold shoulder. Hit a few. The word will get around and they'll leave you be. That will give you peace and quiet. Then, when you're lonely and miserable, don't come crying to me.

* * *

Dear Mr. Wan:

I'm a farm girl in the big city. And a good girl, I hasten to add. But I would like to meet some nice young men for the purpose of general socializing. The big city seems too cold, however. I have a tough time making new men friends. About the only way I've had any success so far is to go down Main Street in a bikini. Is that all right? STRAITLACED

Dear Straitlaced:

It's a pretty good way of meeting men, but you want to meet, according to your letter, "nice young men." I have a faint suspicion that nice young men would consider your bikini-parading-method as just a teensy-weensy bit forward. I would suggest wearing a one-piece suit.

* * *

Dear Mr. Wan:

Do you approve of kissing after a first date? LOOSELIPS

Dear Looselips:

Definitely not. Kissing after a first date is improper. You should kiss *during* a first date.

* * *

Dear Mr. Wan:

Twelve years ago, I began going out with a girl. We've been going together ever since, and plan to get married as soon as I finish my post-graduate work in meat cutting. (I'm working toward a B.S.—Bachelor of Salami.) I know I'm asking a lot of her, to wait for so long, but she seems willing. How can I show her my appreciation? T-BONE

Dear T-Bone:

I'm sure the gift she'd appreciate most would be a marriage license. Get married, T-Bone. It's best. You and she can go through all the trials of your education together. Perhaps she can help you with your grisly homework. You can spend pleasant evenings together, cutting carcasses. Then, over the years, as you progress in your career, you will have a solid foundation for marriage—a foundation based on helping each other, mutual assistance and salt pork. ★ ★

AMERICA'S SECRET VICE

(Continued from page 43)

or Eugene (Little Boy Blue) Field, who occasionally let their minds wander into—well, call it more Rabelaisian fields.

You can find them, and many more, if you care to look. And you can still find *Fanny Hill*, too, although the author, who wrote it to get out of jail, was promptly shoved behind bars again for five years for having written a lascivious and indecent book.

Long before—and since—*Fanny Hill* made her racy debut, countless books, booklets and pamphlets have been published in the English language in the United States, in England, and other countries.

The flood is a challenge to customs officials and every local law enforcement agency. Periodically, the arrest of some publisher or dealer makes a headline. But the flow hasn't stopped.

In the Oriental world, where sex is as wide-open an affair as the plumbing, the publishing of lewd books in every language that affords a profit is a more or less open business.

A dispatch from Saigon, Indo-China, not long ago reported that Indonesian police had confiscated an enormous stack of pornographic books and pictures intended solely for trade abroad at fantastically high prices. It was a drop in the bucket.

In tracking down the market for this so-called literature, I was introduced to a well-to-do bachelor who can afford to collect such erotic reading the way others collect stocks and bonds. He admitted a certain amount of pleasure in the reading—but he insisted his collection was really a form of specialized scholarship.

He courteously ushered me into his library. I searched the bookshelves for some famous pornographic titles, but all I could find were the finely bound editions of the best of literature from yesterday and today.

"I've made a serious study of pornography," he said, "just as Kinsey made of sex. I think it is more difficult to get information about pornography than about sexual practices. America seems to feel that even to mention pornography will undermine and destroy the very foundations of morality."

(But the late Dr. Kinsey had his troubles, too; a vast collection of sex writing, photographs and statuary, col-

lected from all over the world and said to be the finest, in the scholarly sense, of such material, remained impounded in customs at the one-time bug-doctor's death.)

"When I first started my studies," our own scholar continued, "I found I had to get my information from the book peddler who deals in under-the-counter sales or the pitchman in some dark alley who whispers, 'Hey, Mac, wanna buy a hot book? Wanna buy some real pitchas?'"

I reminded our scholar that I had been told he had one of the finest collections of pornographic books in the country, yet I couldn't find a single one on his shelves.

He smiled wryly and went to a book section filled with the world's classics. He swung it open, and behind it was another series of bookshelves which, he assured me, continued the length of the wall.

"I have to be secretive about this," he explained. "Every American, whether he has one pornographic book for his own titillation or collects them as a scholar, has to avoid being—well, shall we say exposed with them in his possession?"

"I had these concealed bookshelves built to keep my maid from finding the books and chattering to the neighbors and her friends or perhaps stealing them, or from having my guests find them and not understand that I collect them as a scholar. At any rate, I am taking no chances and I conceal these printed evidences of man's depravity; yet, it seems to be universal, for despite all the laws and efforts to wipe it out it has existed for centuries.

"The pornographic book, other than to make money for the publisher and author, is written specifically to excite—or satisfy—man's baser senses by presenting, in lascivious detail, all imaginable varieties of the sex act, normal and abnormal, all manner of preparations for such acts, until the reader is ready to start climbing walls.

"The images conjured up, coupled with the illustrations which many of these volumes have bound into them, have been the cause of many a good girl going wrong. There actually have been legal cases of seduction traced to such infamous volumes.

"Some conniving and unscrupulous wolf gives a young woman a pornographic book to read in the hope it will inflame her; men have been charged in court with having used such volumes to achieve se-

duction. At the time the girl read the book she could hardly wait; but, when she cooled off she went to the police."

"Where do these books come from?"

"Let's see," he smiled and reached for a volume entitled *Scott and His Poetry*.

"Did Scott write that kind of stuff?" I gasped.

He opened it as he handed it to me. *Scott and His Poetry* was a hard-cover blind to conceal a book whose real title was *Parisian Frolics*, which on its title page had the legend: "Translated from the French by the author, *The Way of a Man With a Maid*—London 1896. For private circulation only.

I dipped casually into the volume which did, I must confess, catch and hold my interest. It was difficult to start a sentence and not continue on. I understood how this type of literary work could become America's secret vice. The way of a man with a maid seems to be the same since time began, but I do not believe any other author ever recorded so vividly the blow-by-blow account.

My friend talked like a professor delivering a lecture before a class:

"What we call pornography was accepted as a natural state of affairs in many ancient countries with highly developed civilization. In Italy, for instance, at the height of its cultural development, great artistic friezes were carved showing the kind of pornographic scenes you buy on French post cards. The nobles and great ladies of that day went to see them, not only as good art but as artistic records of man's sexual activities. Tourists today go to see these carvings and buy picture post cards of them but it would not be wise to try to bring these pictures into the United States. Customs men would confiscate them and perhaps even cause the traveler trouble."

I returned *Parisian Frolics* to my host. "Reading this sort of literature does have a tendency to make a person drop his moral guard," I said, judiciously.

"The fact is that for centuries so-called civilized man tried to suppress pornography and failed completely. Just a few years ago the Kefauver Committee investigating crime in the United States touched on this phase as part of their investigation and estimated that pornography is a 350 million-dollar a year business in this country! Retail sellers find this a particularly happy selling area, for Americans can afford to spend more money than citizens of most other countries. Americans are willing to pay the highest prices in the world for pornographic books."

"What do these books sell for?" I asked, curious.

"For whatever the traffic will bear. You can pick up a *Fanny Hill* for \$5 or for \$100. It depends on the edition and the illustrations. Most pornographic books are printed in the United States and distributed surreptitiously."

I thumbed through a number of his books, some beautifully and very expensively bound in full leather and some cheap, ordinary quick-printed jobs. I noticed that the title pages of some of the volumes purported to give the names and even the addresses of the publishers, and I asked my friend about it.

"Well," he laughed, "reaching for a handsomely bound volume, 'let's take this one.'"

He handed me the volume called *The Dialogues of Luisa Sigea—literally translated from the Latin of Nicholas Chorier*.

"You note that the place usually reserved for the publisher's imprint reads *Librairie Astra 73, Fauberg Poissonniere, Paris*. When I was in Paris I looked for this publisher. Of course it was a phony. Most publishers of pornography do not even make a pretense—like this one."

He drew another handsomely bound volume entitled *Yvonne or The Adventures and Intrigues of a French Governess with her Pupils—London and Paris 1898*.

"Some books are, of course, published abroad," he continued, "but many of them are published in this country with a foreign city imprint like 'Published in Havana' or 'Printed in Paris' on the title page. The chances are they were published in some small print shop—perhaps the whole type-setting, printing and binding was a one-man job so no one could inform on him—and the wholesaler took the entire print run off his hands over a weekend, paid him and carted the books for his own retail distribution.

"It is difficult for a student of such immoral publication to get all the details because of the very nature of the secrecy surrounding all deals for the books. Even in Paris and Havana it is against the law to publish such pornography, but in this country the authorities are really hard on the publishers and distributors."

From what I could gather, shady bookstores are the main retail outlets of pornographic books and the proprietor never lets one out of the store unless he



"No offense intended, old timer. I just meant for you to get this animal off the set."

knows the customer or the customer comes well recommended.

There seems to be an endless market for such publications, especially in resort towns, much of whose income comes from tourists. My collector friend assured me that he had picked up choice volumes of pornography in resort towns up and down the Atlantic coast.

Across the Mexican border, especially a few miles south of San Diego, he told me, is one of the most notorious distribution centers of lewd books.

Tia Juana is a prime source for pornography for American tourists. The American who is not aware of it can find many other things in this quaint town and may not even suspect the widespread vice. But the wise tourist can buy small pamphlets vividly detailing—in word and picture—every sexual practice.

These publications, I was told, are deliberately printed in pocket size so they fit neatly into the tourist's inside coat pocket and are thus easily smuggled across the border. Customs men, unless they suspect smuggling, do not examine the contents of tourists' pockets. Kefauver, after his investigation, asserted that California is one of the nation's big distribution centers of pornographic literature.

Another notorious distribution center to American tourists is Mexico City. One local newspaper carries practically wide-open ads to tourists to come and take their choice of exciting cards or witness "stag-type" movies.

Distribution of such pornographic material throughout the world reached a high mark in the Roaring Twenties when gin and sex ruled some social circles. Pornography became so widespread throughout the world that the League of Nations called a special Convention for the Suppression of the Circulation of the Traffic in Obscene Publications. But the League of Nations got nowhere.

The English-speaking world, since it has more money to spend, is today flooded with reprints, translations and new books on under-the-counter market obviously written to titillate normal sexual desires and pander to the abnormal.

Despite the intensive effort to halt the flow of depraved literature, the printing and undercover sale of these publications is still so widespread and profitable that in 1947 the United Nations was given the same job the League of Nations was unable to handle.

The United Nations has not made much more progress. The most obvious thing about pornography is the steady demand for it throughout the centuries. ★ ★

THE ONLY MAN IN THE WORLD

(Continued from page 23)

Mother looked from me to Eloise's blonde loveliness and then back at me. "Oh well," she sighed, "happy birthday anyway."

Then she called my father over to give his daughter a birthday kiss. I was all puckered, but he sailed right past me to Eloise.

"Hey!" I yelled, as he gave her a kiss that was a little more than paternal, "Over here, Dad. You're kissing the wrong girl!"

"That," he said with a lascivious leer, "is a matter of opinion. Besides, I'm thinking of adopting her!"

It was after that, my sixteenth birthday, when Eloise came to live with us, that I began to feel left out of things. It was this feeling of insecurity which set my feet on the downward path and led me into a life of sin.

It all started innocently enough with me slipping out evenings to meet Leonard, the boy next door. There was really no reason why I couldn't have seen him openly, even invited him to our house. But for some obscure reason Mother disapproved of him.

I knew he was a few years older than I and had been married and divorced a time or two, but I thought the sprinkling of gray in his mustache and sideburns gave him a very distinguished look. He had a cute little habit of slapping me lightly on the seat of my dungarees and saying, "Jessie-belle, you just keep bringing your problems to me."

Or the other times, when I was feeling downhearted over conditions at home, he would pop the elastic in my brassiere and say softly, "Cheer up, gal. It's not as if you are suffering from anything *incurable*! That was Lennie—he always was a friendly guy. It wasn't long before I came to realize that he was the only man I could ever love.

At home, relations between Eloise and my father were going from bad to worse. He had adoption papers drawn up, and she was legally my sister, but somehow I could not feel very sisterly toward her. I took it in stride when she moved into my room and I had to sleep on a cot in the library, and I didn't mind too much when she took my musical teddy bear, my roller skates and my pogo stick.

But then at dinner one evening, when we were having spaghetti and meat balls, I surreptitiously counted the meat balls in Eloise's spaghetti. Just as I had suspected, her plate had three more than mine! That was when I decided to leave.

Lennie seemed surprised to see me. There was a party going on in his apartment, and he had to hide me in a hall closet full of moth balls until it was over. I guess I must have gone to sleep, because the next thing I knew, there was a sharp pain in my fingers of my left hand and I woke up to find Lennie standing on them, as he took off his pajama top and hung it on a nail in the closet door.

"Hi!" I smiled up at him. He jumped as if I were a ghost. He must have had fruit juice for breakfast, for he smelled just like my father used to.

"Where the—did you come from, you little—!" he said. There are some words that go in those blank spaces, but Mother always told me not to say them every time she said them.

"Why, Lennie," I gasped, "don't you remember about last night?"

"I don't remember anything about last night!" he groaned, bumping his head with the heel of his hand. "Do you mean that I—that you—"

"Yes, dear!" I smiled from the bottom of the closet. "*We*!"

"Oh my Lord!" he moaned. "They'll get me for statutory — for sure!" Another one of those words goes in that blank. "I've got to get you out of here!"

Lennie made me lie down on the back seat of his car until we were out of town, so that no one would see me with him. I couldn't understand why he drove so fast and kept looking in the rear view mirror to see if anyone was following us.

"Your folks have got the cops out looking for you by now," he explained..

"Oh, is that all that's worrying you?" I laughed, patting his cheek fondly. "My folks won't be worried about me at all!"

"What makes you so sure?"

"Because while you were packing your suitcase, I wrote them a letter and put it in your mailbox, explaining that I was running away with you."

He stopped the car so abruptly that my head knocked against the windshield, and my memory is kind of hazy. But I know he got my letter back, because later he threatened to make me eat it.

It was all right, though, when we finally pulled off the highway and stopped at a motel. Lennie was very sweet and affectionate then.

"You're my kind of girl, Jessie," he whispered. "You know what the score is."

I really didn't, but there was no use to

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By ED MITCHELL

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Some day, if you ever have a spare moment, lift one of the spark plugs out of your car! Look at the bottom of that plug. In 10 seconds, you'll learn more about gas waste than any book could teach you in a year.

If that plug has been in your car a thousand miles or more, then what you'll see on the bottom of that plug is **FILTH!** The Firing Point of that plug—the most important single point in your car—will be choked to death with **BLACK, FILTHY CARBON!** Carbon that robs your car of as much as 20 vital horsepower every time your engine fires!

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tion of that Point? **CORRODED . . . PITTED . . . SCARRED . . . AND WORN!** Hardly able to deliver half the spark it should! Wasting gas . . . wasting money, every time you put your foot down on the pedal!

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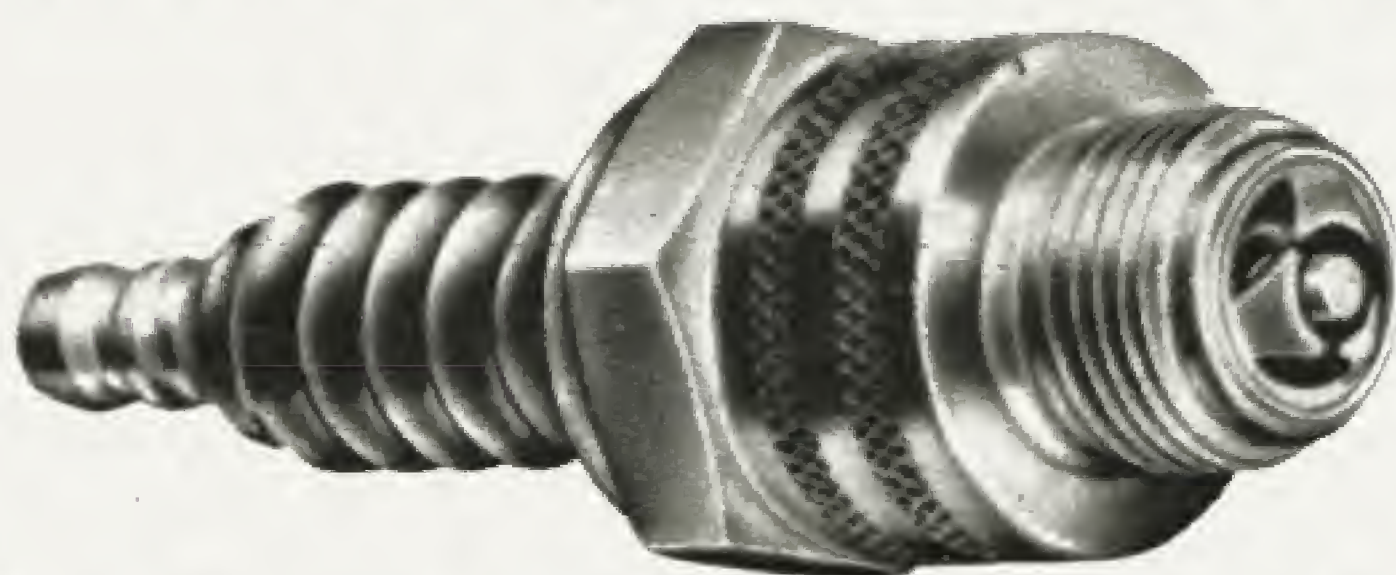
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You must notice new gas savings . . . you must eliminate most ignition knocks and pings . . . you must get instant carbon-free, cold weather starting . . . and

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R. O., Duluth, Minn.

"I bought your plugs for my '54 Ford some time ago . . . as far as I can tell I am getting at least 8 miles per gallon better mileage. Also my Ford has far better pickup and horsepower. I have driven about 12,000 miles since purchasing the plugs and they are in as good condition as ever."

C. M., Avilla, Indiana

"I replaced the equipment-type spark plugs in my Lincoln Continental with yours. With the old style plugs, I was getting approximately 15 miles to the gallon. During the first thousand miles of operation with Power Plugs, my mileage increased to 22 miles per gallon. This was an increase of 7 miles per gallon. In addition to the increased mileage, I was happy to notice much better idling and absolutely no stalling. Hills which I formerly took in second gear now present no problem in climbing with high gear. My heavy Continental used to lope away from signals; now it dashes away."

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upset him again. Plenty of time after we were married for me to learn about baseball. So I snuggled contentedly in his arms.

After a while he said, "It's O.K., isn't it, if we do—er—what we did last night?"

I said, "All right, Lennie, if that will make you happy. Only this time, leave out the moth balls."

He shook his head as if it were a dollar watch that had stopped ticking. Then he got up and poured something out of a bottle into a couple of glasses and gave me one to drink. It tasted funny and it felt as if my stomach did a barrel-roll.

"How do you feel?" he asked eagerly.

"I feel like I'm ice-skating. Only there isn't any ice."

He poured me another glass and I drank it just to please him. I caught a glimpse of a strange face in the mirror over the dresser. It was like my face, except that I had no control over it, and I let go with something between a shriek and a giggle.

What happened after that sort of blurred in my mind. I knew we weren't playing Post Office, though.

At that point the story is supposed to read, "And so they were married." Only it didn't work out that way for Lennie and me. When I awoke the next morning there was a note pinned to the pillowslip where his head should have been.

"Dear Jessie," it said in Lennie's handwriting. "You tricked me into bringing you here. So I don't figure I owe you anything. I've got a good chance of being elected to a high public office and I won't let you ruin my political career. Get home the best way you can, and don't mention my name if you know what's good for you."

My mind cold and numb with grief and fright, I searched for a way out. I was sixteen years old and many miles from a home where nobody much wanted me anyway. My total assets consisted of a suitcase, which in my haste to leave home I packed with three bathing suits and a box of bubble bath; thirty five cents change which I found in my purse, and a thirty-six-inch bosom.

That was when Herbert first came into my life.

I had stopped, exhausted and anguished of spirit, at a hamburger stand by the highway, slumped wearily on a stool at the counter, and ordered a twenty-cent hamburger. I sighed helplessly and raised my eyes—and found myself looking straight into the finest face that I had ever seen.

He was only a little taller than I was

sitting down and he wore his wiry, straw-colored hair combed into a high pompadour to add to his height. But it was not his slender build, nor his shy, thin-lipped smile which attracted me so that my heart was playing leap-frog within my breast. It was the bigness of his pale blue eyes, magnified many times by the thick lenses of his spectacles. He asked me if he could be of any help, and I found myself telling him all my troubles—well, not quite all.

The way he pitched in and solved my problem left me speechless with admiration.

"If you buy a cola drink for a dime," he calculated, figuring entirely in his head, you'll have three cents deposit coming back on the bottle. Right? Yes. Then, for one cent you can get a penny post card and for the remaining cents you can get a stamp for it. "And," he added generously, "I'll lend you a pencil!"

That was Herbert, always thoughtful. I had not been in his hamburger stand for more than twenty minutes before it dawned on me like a bolt from the blue that here was the only man I could ever love.

Two weeks later Herbert and I were married. Afterward I cried a little, because I had always dreamed of having a big wedding with orange blossoms and a white satin wedding gown, and I had to settle for a Justice of the Peace, wild daisies and one of my three bathing suits. But Herbert was so sweet about it all. He said I looked better to him than a Jumbo-burger with a side order of french fries. Then he tiptoed up to kiss me, and my cup ranneth over.

We were blissfully happy at first. Our little nest was cozy, with the soothing sound of traffic on the highway just outside our front door, punctuated at rare intervals by the cheery jangle of the cash register.

The homey, satisfying smell of hamburgers and onions sizzling on the grill teased my nostrils awake each morning and hung like a warm, familiar blanket over me as I went to sleep on my half of the army cot behind the lunch counter each night. Herbert thoughtfully let me wear one of his aprons over my bathing suit when I helped fry hamburgers, so that hot grease wouldn't spatter and burn my bare arms and legs.

For entertainment, Herbert showed me his collection of pretty rocks, collected from surrounding fields and river banks. He had hundreds of them, ranging in size from minute specks to one great, hulking boulder that took me five minutes to dust

each morning. I was very proud that my husband trusted me to dust his priceless collection. He never seemed to get tired of those rocks.

"Herbert dear," I asked somewhat timidly one evening when we had been married about a month, "don't you like to, er, do other things, too?"

He blinked at me in a confused way with those big, pale blue eyes of his, shielded from the world's cruelty by the thick of his spectacles.

"Whats' to do?" he asked plaintively. "Don't you *like* my pretty rocks, Jessie-belle?"

"Of course I do, dear!" I hastened to assure him. "But when a girl and a boy get married, they—they—" I could see his eyes starting to stray back toward his collection. "Kiss me, Herbert!" I begged in desperation.

I sat on his knee and bent my head down and he kissed me. It was sort of like a head-on collision with a belligerent sponge.

"Oh, go back and play with your agates!" I snapped crossly, climbing over the lunch counter and flopping down on the cot.

That night I dreamed of Lennie—it was the beginning of the end. Oh, I fought against it! I fought the serpent that was threatening our Eden with every kind of strength I had. I still think I might have won my battle and thus have prevented so much suffering for all of us—if Freddie had not come into my life.

I knew from the first day that Freddie came into the hamburger stand that he was different from any man I had ever known. I think it was the cute way he said, "Rope me a steer, Bebby, and hold the critter down until I can drown him in catsup. I'm a big man from the biggest state in the forty eight and I eat *real big*."

It wouldn't do for him to know I hadn't been around. So I said brightly, "Well, you're a long way from California, aren't you?"

He looked puzzled for a moment and then slapped the lunch counter with a huge palm and let out such a bellow of laughter that the spectacles jumped off Herbert's nose and flew into a bin of hot dog buns.

"Little lady," Freddie chuckled, "you shore got a sense of humor. I like you, little lady!"

He covered my hand with his big, hairy paw, and I glanced nervously toward Herbert to see what his reaction would be. But my husband was going through some sort of strange pantomime with the hot dog buns. It came to me then that Herbert

was looking for his spectacles—and that he was so blind without them that he couldn't tell his own glasses from a hot dog bun!

I looked back at Freddie and saw that he had seen too. Putting his finger to his lips to warn me not to speak, he lifted me over the counter as easily as if I had been a rag doll and sat me on his huge knee.

"Please pass the catsup, Ma'am," he said for Herbert's benefit, giving my waist a squeeze.

"Here you are, Sir," I answered snuggling against his chest contentedly. Temptation is one thing I just can't resist.

"Got any more of those french fries?" And he kissed me utterly.

"Sure have—oodles." I kissed him back.

A little voice inside me kept telling me that what Freddie and I were doing was wrong; I wanted with all my heart to be a good wife to Herbert. But Freddie was a wildness in my blood. I seemed to know instinctively that Freddie was the only man I could ever love.

When he made our hamburger stand a

regular stop on his truck route, I was torn violently between happiness and despair. Freddie was very ingenious at finding ways to get Herbert's spectacles off his nose and into the hot dog bin. Then he would hold me close, look deep into my eyes and say tenderly, "How about a second cup of coffee, Ma'am?" and that strange madness would come over me.

At that point fate stepped in and took a hand in our lives, as fate is wont to do, in the form of a long, educated looking envelope which the postman handed Herbert one day. On the outside of the envelope I read, "Official Government Business", and over my husband's shoulder I saw in large print the first word of the letter was, "GREETINGS".

It was lonely around the hamburger stand after that. I got letters now and then from Herbert and a snapshot or two of him in his uniform. He always asked about business and his rock collection, and a couple of times he said he missed me.

At first I had a little trouble running the stand all by myself. As soon as I got it through my head that it was the Jumbo-



"Technically, of course, you are absolutely right... on the other hand..."

burgers that were twenty five cents and that a steak sandwich with fries was a trifle more, I did all right. My biggest problem was depreciation in my three bathing suits. I don't think I'd ever have lived through that hard, lonely time if it hadn't been for Freddie.

It seemed Freddie was always there when I needed him. The time I got my fingers caught in the cash register, it was Freddie who came along two hours later and pressed the "no sale" button to get them out. He was a comfort, I tell you.

One morning when Herbert had been gone to the wars for about a year, I was mopping up some smelly grease that I had spilled, when a dizzy sickness came over me. I fainted and hours later it was Freddie who came in and found me lying on the floor with my face buried in the mop.

"I think, Ma'am," he told me worriedly, "that you are going to be blessed with a little bundle from Heaven."

"Well, I hope it's a new bathing suit," I sighed. "This one is about shot."

Freddie went out of my life that day and I never saw him again. How could he do it, I wondered? How could he lightly cast aside a love like mine and return to that cold, emotionless wife who didn't understand him?

At least I still had Herbert.

Herbert didn't exactly come marching home from the wars, like it says in the song. In fact, the first I saw of him was the bottoms of his feet. Four other men in uniforms just like his were carrying him, and when they got him to the door of our hamburger shack, they knocked with the heels of his shoes.

"Madam," one of the men addressed me, "can you identify this man as your husband?"

I nodded somewhat uncertainly. It looked like my Herbert—or rather it looked like a giant economy size package in the place of my sample packet. He no longer wore platform shoes, to add to his height and instead of a tall pompadour, his hair was a flat crew-cut. Whereas he used to fit loosely inside the arms of the divan, he now lapped over each end and the sides.

"Herbert, is that really you?" I whispered.

He sat up and opened his eyes. He smelled just like my father and Lennie used to smell, fruit juicy. When he saw me kneeling there, a strange light came into his eyes and he made a grab for me as if I were the last pork chop on the plate. His four friends discreetly departed.

"Baby, baby!" he groaned. "You'll never know how I've missed those bathing suits!"

Then I noticed that he wasn't wearing his spectacles.

"Herbert, you can't see without your glasses!" I accused. "You don't even know who you're making love to!"

He stood up and pulled me over to the door. Pointing down the highway to an intersection where the traffic was stopped for a red light, he said, "Do you see that two-door sedan with white side wall tires and an Arizona license plate?"

"I see a little bitty speck that looks like a car . . ."

"The woman driving it has on a muskrat-dyed rabbit's fur coat. Under it she's wearing a black taffeta sheath dress with pink rosebud buttons. Under that she's wearing a Delusion brassiere, size 34, C cup. Under that . . ."

"Never mind. I'm convinced you can see. Do you want to look at your collection of pretty rocks now, Herbert?"

He grinned and pulled me into his arms. Then he kissed me, and whatever the service had done to change him (maybe a lot of that fruit juice in his diet) I was in favor of it. Right in the middle of a kiss, however, we were interrupted by a wailing noise from the cot behind the lunch counter.

"What was that?" Herbert wanted to know.

"Oh, that's little Lennie," I told him proudly, as I brought our baby boy around

to show him off. "I named him that for sentimental reasons."

"Yow," remarked Herbert along with a few other things. "If I'm not being too nosey, just where the hell did Lennie come from?"

My eyes flew open in surprise to hear such a question from a grown up man.

"Why, dear, Lennie's from Heaven! Didn't your mother tell you?"

"Yeah, but not near as much as I learned from my old man!"

With that he walked out of our hamburger shack and slammed the door so hard the cash register rang up a "no sale."

That was three months ago and, like I said, I was getting kind of worried. I was pouring a bucket of tears down the sink just a few minutes ago, when a truckdriver named Eddie came into the counter, slapped me on the thin part of my bathing suit and roared, "Chase a steer through here, Bebby. I like my burgers *fresh*."

Just the way he said that, kind of cute, I was thinking oh, just thinking.

But right at that time, the front door flew open and Herbert strode in. Taking Eddie's arm, he propelled him forcibly through the front door. Then, as an afterthought, he gathered up all of his pretty rocks and tossed them after Eddie.

"You might enjoy looking at these, Buster," he said; "I don't plan to have time for hobbies any more!"

I could tell then by the determined look in his big blue eyes that he is the only man I can ever love. ★ ★

THEY'RE BETTER THAN MEN

(Continued from page 19)

think before they hire our husbands.

We're not chicken. We don't over-tip just because a headwaiter looks like the man from the tax bureau.

But mainly, we're awfully busy just picking up the pieces you men leave lying around. Actually, it's pretty hard to figure how a girl secretary can have any respect for a dating male after the cover-up job she has to do for the average boss.

If we're sly, crafty, greedy and ruthless, Mr. McCormick, why then are all you boys ogling us in this magazine?

And let me tell you this:

We're awfully busy running men's lives. We control, as you say, most of the money in the U.S., but that's mainly be-

cause men don't really know how to handle it themselves.

Are the men fighting back? It doesn't look that way.

But we don't mind, really. A good man is hard to find, and you don't hear *us* singing any old dirge about why can't a man be more like a woman. Heaven forbid!

Take to your cyclone cellar, Bill McCormick. It's a damn poor sanctuary—especially for a man running scared.

We'll smoke you out.

For where would JEM be without women?

(*Rebuttal to the rebuttal: You see what I mean? Not one sound, logical fact. Just emotionalized distortion. The prosecution rests. W. M.*) ★ ★

WHAT GOOD ARE WOMEN?

(Continued from page 18)

There are thousands of lady lawyers and judges involved in our legal setup today, yet has the distaff side produced a Clarence Darrow, Bill Fallon or Judge Medina? Name one.

The only woman who ever really made a lasting mark in science was Madam Marie Curie—and she had a husband, who was an accomplished chemist and physicist, to help her. Women profess to be great humanitarians, yet with thousands of them working in the sciences, practically all medical miracles from anaesthesia to the Salk vaccine have come about as the result of brain wracking and hard labor on the part of men.

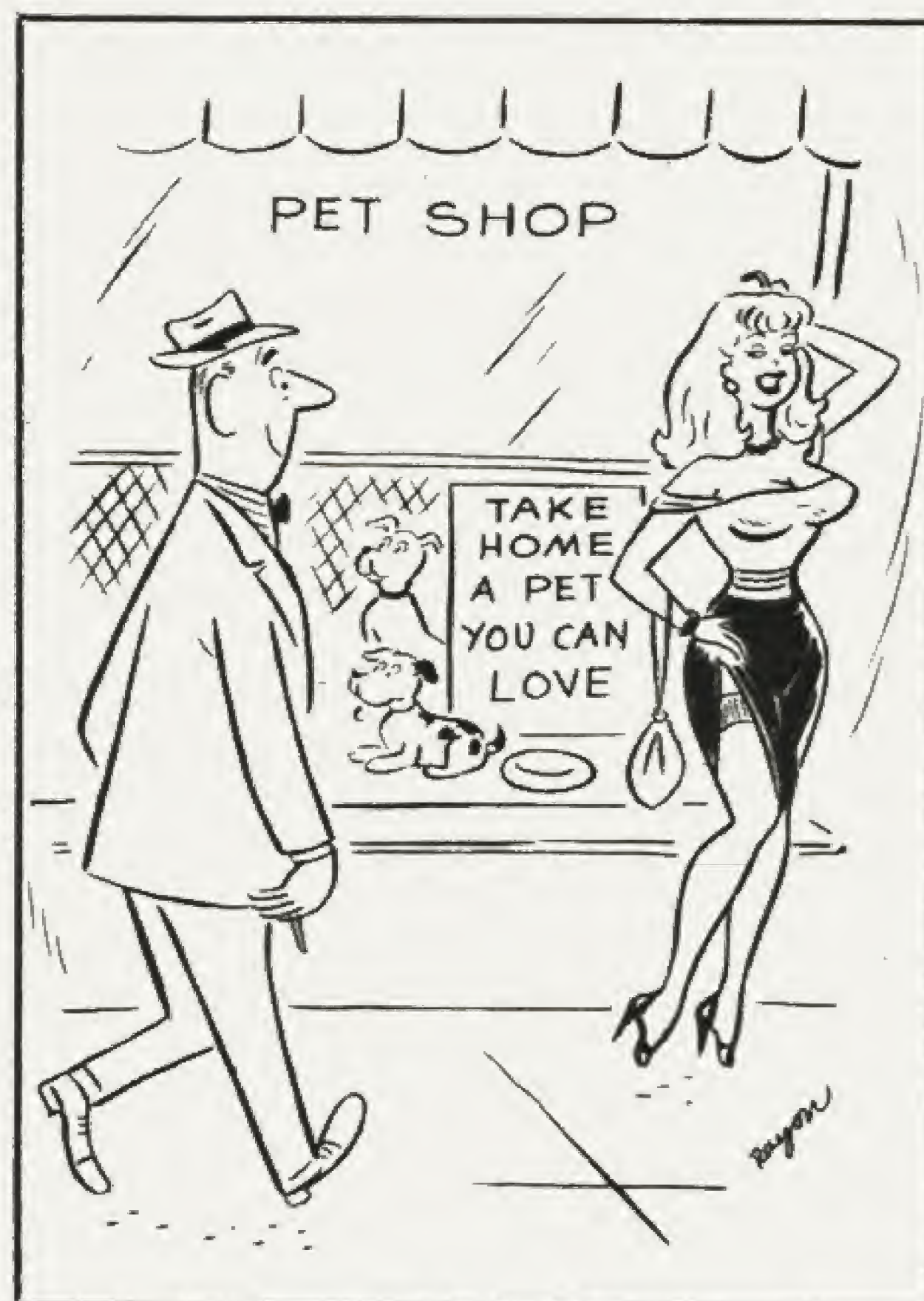
Women were granted the right to vote in 1923 and their "clean, inspiring, spiritual influence" was supposed to revolutionize politics. But there hasn't been a damned bit of change. The women go blindly along with their men, electing the same old ward-heeler selected candidates.

Women of voting age outnumber men in the U.S., yet no one has ever seriously advocated the election of a woman president. The reason is simple. Even the women wouldn't vote for a woman president. Women *know* women and they wouldn't trust a female with such an important job.

While clamoring for equal rights, women want to retain all the special privileges accorded them during the years when their place was (happily) considered to be in the home. If you've ever worked in an office with a woman, you know how jealously she guards her business prerogatives, how she'll scream, holler and yell if the slightest discrimination is shown her sex. She'll scream, holler and yell just as hysterically if a mere male doesn't jump up when she enters an office, promptly whip out a match to light her cigarette and otherwise show her all the courtesies she insists are the right of her sex, despite the battle for equal rights. The girls want to consume their pastry and have it, too.

A poor guy struggling for a fast sixty bucks a week takes a woman, making twice as much, to dinner. And who pays the bill? The guy, of course. The lady, who quickly seeks refuge in her sex where money matters are concerned, would be highly indignant at the thought of even chipping in *her share* of the tab. She deadheads. She's a lady.

Women complain that they are discriminated against because they cannot pick and choose their dates and men can. That's easily remedied. Just let a women offer to pay the bills for an evening's entertainment and see what a wide variety of uninhibited males she can choose from. And she can set the pace, too. In fact, the guy will probably respect her so much that he won't even make a feeble pass (which may disconcert her somewhat). The old axiom, "You pays your money, and you takes your choice" is particularly applicable when it comes to choosing a mate for a date.

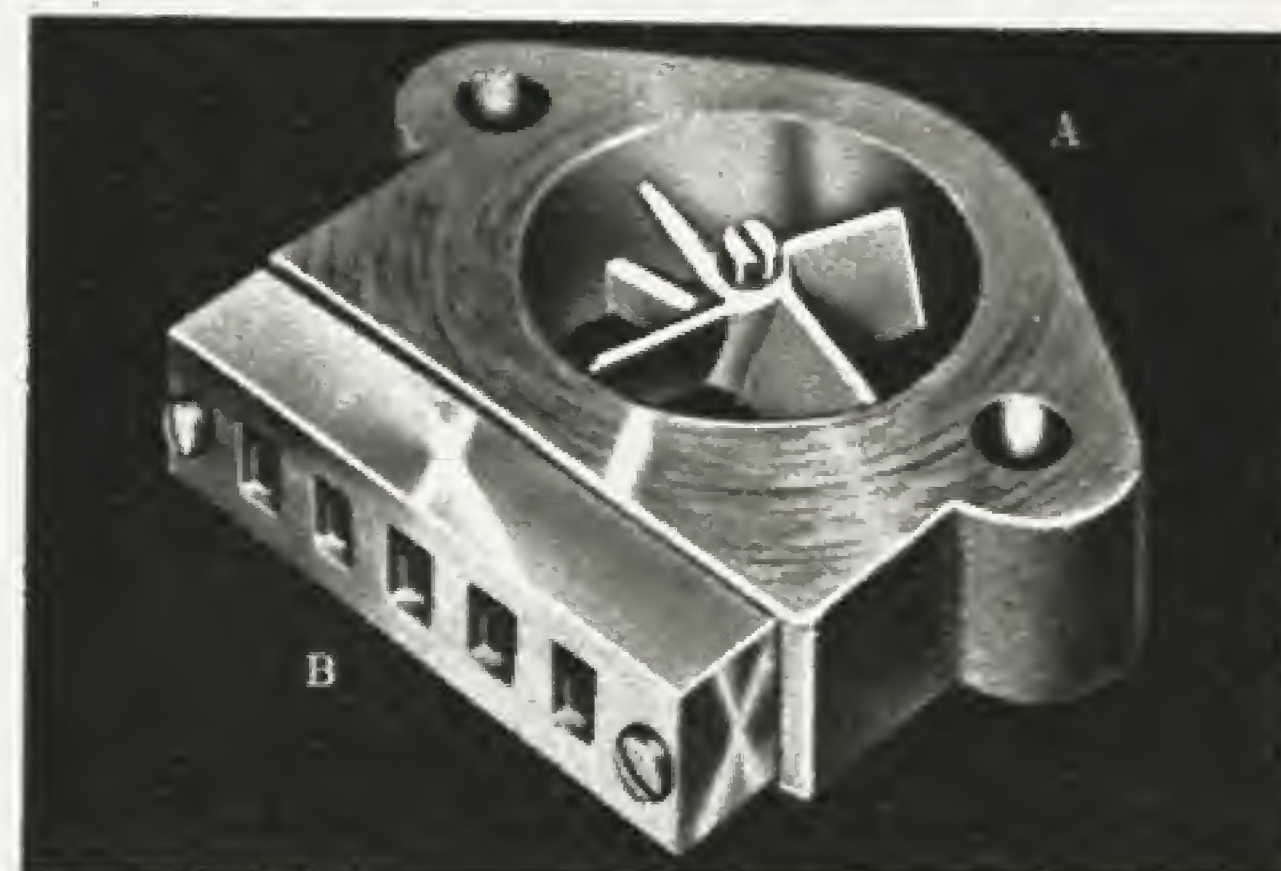


What every man should know is that women are a distinct, perhaps sub-human species. They don't reason, they emotionalize. They are sly, crafty, greedy and ruthless beyond the ken of man. They are happy only when they can take more than they are required to give and they are almost totally devoid of talent in every field but one.

As I have so often said, the only really happy and well-adjusted females are prostitutes. They lead the ideal existence—for women. They're doing the only thing they can do better than men, and they take as much as they can get while giving as little as possible in return.

Now you take over, Josephine. I'm running for the cyclone cellar. ★ ★

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the lobby he scanned the typewritten lists of names on the big board. "Audrey"—he found one—but none of the team mates were right. "Here's another—and the right one. Two of the others on the team are from our place for sure. Audrey Barnes. That's it."

A quick, guilty look around, and he slid into a phone booth. "B, Ba, Barnes, Audrey—right at the head of the list." He kept his fingers on the number; pulled a dime from his pocket. Suddenly, he was sweating. He opened the phone booth door and took off his hat. Finally, he dropped the coin in the phone and dialed the number.

The phone at the other end rang three times. He was sweating worse; about to hang up. At the fourth ring, a sleepy voice answered, "Hello."

"Audrey?" he asked. His voice sounded strange to him. His knees felt weak and sweat dropped into his eyes.

"Yes, this is Audrey; who is this?"

"Can't you tell?" His voice shocked him. He was ready to pull down the hook.

"Uh-huh, I believe I can," she said slowly, uncertainly. "You wouldn't be the vodka-martini type would you?" She chuckled throatily. "Sounds like you've got the Russian Bends, my boy."

Clearly, she was making a wrong guess. He had a sudden inspiration. The warmth and intimacy of her tone was making him bold.

"Ma'm." he said, "this is the Little Giant Furniture Moving Company."

"You *are* crazy," she said. "Crazy or drunk."

"But, ma'm, you've been passing the word you want some furniture moved. You promised to pay off in booze."

"Omigosh, yes; I did whip out the offer, didn't I? But I'm all mixed up now. This isn't who I thought it was at all. This isn't Walt, is it? . . . I didn't think so. Then who are you?"

"No use trying to be cute about it," he said; "this is Pete Landon."

"Mister Landon!" She said it with a peculiar emphasis. "This *is* quite a surprise. What's going on—a big-shot party or something?"

"No, I just happened to be uptown, alone, and I remembered your remark this morning, and I decided to call you and kid you a bit." He said it in a rush of words. "Hope I didn't get you up."

"You woke me up, but you didn't get me up." She laughed. That throaty laugh

again. "I'm very snug in bed right now."

"Well, say, I'm awfully sorry about that. Didn't realize it was so late. I'll let you go back to sleep."

"Just a minute, Mr. Landon. How about all that big furniture-moving talk? Now that you've got me in the mood for it, why not stop and help me? It'll only take a minute; and I *will* buy that drink."

"I feel kinda silly about it . . . but . . . sure, I will if you really want me to. Let's see; your apartment's over on Webbing. It'll take me about fifteen minutes. That too soon?"

"No, it will just take me a second to slip something on. Say, if you prefer scotch, you'd better stop past a package store and pick some up. I'm clear out."

"Yeah, sure I will. Anything else I can bring? No? Okay, then; make it twenty minutes. I'll see you. Bye."

He hung up the phone. The picture of Audrey in bed faded. The booth was intolerably hot. Perspiration dripped from his armpit, rolled down his side like a caressing finger.

"Lord, how bad will I smell?" he asked himself.

Outside, a laughing group passed, carrying bowling bags. They looked at him mopping his forehead. He turned aside as he stepped out of the booth. He felt strangely set apart from the casual, chafing group.

He stood, wishing he were home. A wave of shock and revulsions came over him. He couldn't do it; couldn't go prowling to that girl's apartment, after midnight, with a bottle of scotch—just because Ann had been grumpy and sleepy.

But what could he do about it now? Call the girl back—tell her he'd changed his mind?

"Hell's fire," he said, "why not? I don't have to get in bed with her. Ought to be interesting to see what this sort of thing is like."

He pushed briskly through the doors and strode to his car. The cold dried his sweat; chilled him until he shivered again. Recklessly, he swung the car in a squealing circle, and into the street. His eyes flicked over the few lighted signs, seeking a package store. He spotted one.

Back in the car, with a brown sack of bottles at his side, he looked grim. As he drove toward the address in the phone book, his mind seemed to have gone blank.

He repeated the name "Audrey Barnes" mechanically. He tried to picture her, but couldn't.

The only picture was of Ann, lying curled in her big bed, alone. "Get your stinking sleep, Annie," he said, trying to recapture the fierce feeling of resentment that had driven him from that bed.

He pulled to the curb at the number he was seeking. It was a big, run-down looking apartment building—the kind with high, arched windows and crumbling steps.

He found her name in the foyer. Pushed the button, and was rewarded with a clicking welcome from the magnetic door lock. Climbing the two flights of stairs winded him. His knees shook and the parcel of liquor dragged at his arms.

He stood at her door for a long moment. He could still back out. But he watched his own hand reach for the miniature knocker; heard footsteps inside.

* * *

He was feeling much better as he started his third drink. The first two had been massive doses of the medicine-tasting scotch—on the rocks. He didn't especially like scotch but it seemed she expected him to drink it, since he brought it.

"I'm getting my strength back," he said. "Where's the furniture you wanted moved?"

"Oh, that's not necessary," she said. "Anyhow, it's too late. I'd get thrown out of here if I moved furniture at this time of night. Maybe you can stop by earlier, sometime."

He had sat forward in the big, shabby chair. Now he slumped back again, looking at the girl. She was looking better all the time.

His first reaction, when she had opened the door at his knock, was one of mild shock. She was wearing a flouncy sort of negligee, that parted as she took his hat and revealed the edges of heavy breasts. The effect on his already raw conscience was not good.

She had greeted him with a mixture of deference and conspiratorial gayety. She was still calling him "Mr. Landon," though he'd murmured "Pete" several times. She had taken his package and disappeared into a sort of curtained-off kitchenette, while he sank into the big chair. He had never left it; but she had

sailed back and forth, fixing drinks; her long legs flashing as her garment swung aside.

The ice in his glass slid against his lips as he drained off the third drink. He felt himself getting pie-eyed; but she seemed completely relaxed. She was sitting on a hassock, facing him. She looked at him with deliberate allure.

"You know, Pete," she said, using the name for the first time. "You're the office dreamboat. All the girls think you're the cutest man in the place."

He didn't know what to say, but the remark set him up wonderfully. He ran his hand along his head in an elaborate, mock gesture of primping.

"No fooling. Pete, you are terrific looking. But we all thought you were stuck up. You never give any of us girls a second look. We consider you un-un-ap-proachable."

He grinned wryly and wrinkled his forehead to indicate how foolish the girls had been. He began to feel himself a very gay dog, indeed.

"Silliest thing I ever heard," he said. "I'm 'proachable as hell—c'mon, 'proach me an' see."

"Gee," she said, "you sure change with a couple of drinks. I can hardly believe you're the Mr. Landon I see at the office. Say, your glass is empty. Here, let me have it and I'll fix you another."

"Kay, if you say so—just a short one. Gotta go home pretty quick now."

"Sure," she said. "Just a short one."

He was alone—and tight as a boot. The lamp across the room seemed to swim in lazy arcs. He frowned; tried to focus his eyes.

"Better get th' hell outa here," he said. But his body seemed to sink more heavily into the chair.

She came back with his drink. He looked up at her without raising a hand to take it.

"Here. I'll play nursie and give you your medicine," she said.

His arms came up and he clasped her around the hips. In one deft motion, she set the glass on the floor and sank down against him. She slipped down until her knees were on the floor. She turned her face up to him and returned his kiss fervently.

Suddenly, he struggled to free himself from her embrace. "Gotta get some air," he said. He lurched to his feet, staggered to a window, and raised it. He leaned far out, swaying, breathing great draughts of the cold air.



"You're giving me two weeks notice? . . . Well, I'm giving you seven and a half month's notice."

She pulled him back, scolding him, and he sank to his knees; still gulping the air.

"You're not getting sick, are you?" she asked.

"Jus' lemme alone," he said. "Be okay 'na minute."

He began to feel better. The room settled down. He pulled himself erect and started to walk unsteadily across the room.

"Gotta be going," he said; "sorry to've bothered you."

He clung, for a moment, to the edge of a chest, and watched her fumble with the sofa. With a series of clicks and creaks, it opened into a bed.

"You can't drive, the way you feel, Pete," she said. "Lie down for a few minutes. I'll get you up when you're better."

"Thanks, thankslots, but I gotta go home." As he shuffled across the room, his dragging feet tripped him and he started to fall. She put strong arms around him and led him to the bed. He

tumbled obediently across it and was almost instantly asleep.

As though it was happening to someone else, he was dreamily aware that his leaden body was being stripped of its clothing. At last the pulling and rolling stopped and he lost all consciousness.

He awoke with a pounding heart as a bare arm fell across his chest. For a long moment he hung in empty space—feeling something was terribly wrong in his situation, but unable to focus on it. His head ached throbbingly. His mouth and throat were parched.

Suddenly he remembered where he was. By the faint light he was able to make out details of the room. He saw the chair he'd sat in. Across its back, neatly folded, were his pants and coat. His necktie was there too. His shoes were beside the chair.

The arm still lay across his chest. Cautiously he turned his head. She lay on her back with both arms flung wide. Except for a pair of skin-tight pants, she was nude.

He watched her warily. She was breath-

ing through parted lips; making an odd snuffling sound, like a child trying to stifle sobs.

A desperately urgent desire to escape seized him. He took her arm gently; laid it at her side. She continued breathing as before. Stealthily he rolled to the edge of the bed. With infinite care he eased himself to the floor. He dressed swiftly, not bothering to tie his tie. He found his hat and topcoat in the tiny, crowded closet. At the door, he fumbled cautiously with chain and bolt; turned the knob slowly and tiptoed into the hall.

As the closed the door behind him he exhaled as though he had been holding his breath ever since leaving the bed. Down the long hall, and down the two flights of stairs he went.

With a sense of barricading himself, he slammed his car door shut behind him and locked it. By the map light he looked at his watch. He was surprised to find it was not yet five. He looked searchingly at the sky. "What time does dawn come?" he asked himself.

Driving through nearly empty streets, he found himself shaking as he rehearsed his homecoming. He drove recklessly, as though to stay the approaching day. His head, forgotten during the escape, ached worse than before. He got a kind of masochistic satisfaction out of its searing pain.

Then he was on his own street; in front of his house. It look surprisingly serene and untroubled in the pale light.

He closed the car door nearly noiselessly and walked on the grass to the house. Inside, he visited the downstairs lavatory; gazed at his haggard face in the mirror while he swallowed aspirin tablets.

Cautiously, with his shoes in his hand, he crept up the carpeted stairs and peered into the bedroom. He could make out Ann's dark hair on the pillow. In his little dressing room he slipped out of his clothes and pulled on the pajama pants that were lying where he'd flung them—only hours before, that same night.

For a long time he stood beside the bed watching his wife. She was sleeping peacefully. He felt strangely disappointed, betrayed. At last, shivering, he laid himself cautiously beside her; holding his breath; listening for any irregularity in her breathing. She slept on. One of her feet touched his cold ones. She drew it sharply away and rolled away; toward the other side of the bed. Still she slept. ★ ★

THE BROOM IS ON THE LILY

(Continued from page 5)

the distance, observing the careening swallows, the church steeple, the drifted clouds. Then she bent again and swept, wielding the straggle-strawed broom with loving finesse.

"What's a pretty girl like yours's name?"

"Lily."

Chicken-Neck consolidated his position. "Lily, I swear, you are a 'tractif young girl."

The broom sought and found the brittle remains of a cockroach gone to its reward.

"How about goin' for a little stroll?"

Fixing upon him great blue eyes like those of a six-year-old requesting a penny's worth of peppermint, Lily asked, "Why?"

"Oh," Chicken-Neck lied smoothly, "no patikler reason, 'cept it's such a nice day with the sun out and everything."

"'Druther broom."

"Huh?"

"'Druther broom," Lily repeated matter-of-factly.

Chicken-Neck was not long on conversational inventiveness so he remained silent while Lily swept and he pondered new gambits. Just then Weak-in-the-Poop, the consumptive hound, slouched over to sniff the newcomer, snarled with singular lack of conviction, barked once, and fell to coughing. Lily swept him off the porch.

Midvale's champion maiden-changer was unhorsed for the moment. In addition to a pronounced inability to keep his eyes from following the fascinating conformations of the feed-sack dress, Chicken-Neck was completely unprepared for the wooden passivity with which his reconnoitering was met. With a hollow, "Well, see you later," he retired from the field, taking care to step over the twitching hound.

Other hopefuls met him at the road from where they had been watching in orgies of speculation and agonies of covetousness.

"What'd she say? How'd she act? Come on, Chicken-Neck, what's it like up close to that?"

The frustrated swain searched for an adequate summarization. "Well," he said, "you know how your arm goes to sleep when you had it around a girl in the show? That's how she acts, like she kind of went to sleep all over. Hell's fire, she said she'd rather sweep than go for a walk, and me bein' just as smooth as butter."

The listeners affected grave concern and commiseration while inwardly pleased at the vaunted Chicken-Neck's temporary defeat. Each was convinced that his individual style of address was what was needed with this lush prey. The group dispersed, their young hearts high and confident, resolved to map irresistibly charming strategy and return to win the favors of an adoring Lily.

Hob appeared from the back yard where he had been making his periodic futile inspection of the consumptive hens' nests. It would not have occurred to him to get rid of them, despite their worthlessness, because they represented real property to him, as did Babylon, the barren, consumptive sow.

Lily was halfway to the road, sweeping the scrap of front yard and rendering it even more devoid of grass than before.

"Who was you talkin' to, Lil?"

"Jist a ole skinny boy."

"What was he wantin'?"

"Go fer a walk."

Hob punched a respectable wad of Yankee Girl inside his cheek. "What'd you say to 'im?"

"'Druther broom."

Her father wagged his head dolefully and said, "Lil, dotter, you cain't go broomin' around the rest of yer days. Time fer you to have yer eye peeled fer a young man makin' right smart money and think on gittin' marrit."

Sympathy stooped through the doorway and coughed for attention. She was six feet six and built like the two meter-sticks which would have measured her.

"A stitch in time saves nine," she pronounced. "Soup's a-bilin' an' greens is gittin' cold."

Father and daughter turned and started toward the house. Hob spat accurately at a horsefly and addressed his wife. "Sym," he said, "we gotta have a talk with this youngun about boys. At thisere rate, she ain't never gonna git marrit, and we ain't gittin' no younger."

"Haste makes waste," said Sym.

"'Druther broom," said Lil.

During the succeeding days, the boys of Midvale, each equipped with his unique stratagems, called upon Lily to ply their arts. They whinnied and wheedled and flattered and fawned, and the lack of success was universal. Not one of them could produce a flicker of interest in the absorbed Lily. Far from being discour-

aged, the boys were even more determined among themselves that this lamentable situation would not be sustained. The common emergency brought them to the point of exchanging confidences, theories, secrets of amatory craft gained from hearsay, pornographic novels, self-glorifying reverie, and limited experience.

"Druther broom" became a byword among them to express disinclination of any kind. Questions like "How about a game of eight-ball? Shall we go over to old fat Mildred Knucks while her folks are away? Why don't you go pick a fight with Diddie Parsons?" were met by the bemused answer that had become famous.

Still, Lily's bounteous charms were such that no one even considered giving up. Male ardors were quickened to almost insupportable limits at every encounter with her, however unpromising.

Robbie McNabb, for instance, was convinced that the direct approach was best in all things. Accordingly, he hid himself in a roadside thicket one day when Lily walked to the store. Upon her return, he called as if in pain as she passed. "Lily, give a fella a hand. I fell and hurt my leg." Lily set down her side pork and cornmeal, went into the thicket, took Robbie's outstretched hand, and jerked the little pride of the McNabb clan to his feet.

Robbie immediately placed both arms around Lily's waist and hung on. She made no protest and he figured the battle half-won. His hand ventured downward and found smooth, bare skin. Scant inches in front of his face was the fullest, most magnificent bosom he had ever seen. His lips came close to the deep, creamy cleft when suddenly his hair felt as if it were coming out in one handful as Lily yanked his head back. She looked at him reprovingly and said, "You ain't got no sore leg, nohow."

"Naw, Lily, but that don't matter. We're all alone out here and it's a good time for a little fun. Let's have a little kiss, now, come on, I like you an awful lot."

"I'll be gittin' home. They's broomin' to be done." With that, Lily shoved him away easily, made her way back to the road, picked up her sacks, and walked on toward the lean-to Doggett homestead, leaving Robbie McNabb to cool his churning blood and imagine what might have been.

Every small town has its one misfit intellectual and Midvale's was Diddie Parsons, the incorrigible reader of books. He reasoned that what others had demonstrated was invulnerable to frontal assault, he could gain by sabotage and flank

attack. He decided that a love philtre, surreptitiously administered to the unsuspecting Lily, would be his ineluctable weapon.

Somewhere in a dark, ominous-looking book he discovered that a pearl dissolved in wine was calculated by the ancients to bestir even the most chaste of demoiselles to delightful acts of unbridled abandon. Inflamed and inspired, Diddie selected the largest globule from his mother's wedding strand, ran it several times through the meat grinder, and stirred it furiously into a cup of his father's homemade elderberry wine.

He bought two bottles of grape pop, mixed the formidable concoction in one of them which he marked on the label, and trudged the dusty distance to where the Doggetts lived at the outskirts of respectability.

Lily was in the doorway sweeping dirt which she had brought in from outside and sprinkled throughout the house.

"Good afternoon, Lily. Remember me? I'm Dilworth Parsons. My friends call me Diddie." He added generously, "You may call me Diddie."

"Howdy, Diddie. What you carryin'?" Oh, this *naiveté*, thought Diddie. How easy it will all be. "Why, it's a bit warm today and I thought you might enjoy sharing a cold drink with me."

Lily ran a charming little tongue over her dusty lips. "It is hot, ain't it?"

"Yes, indeed. Here, this one. It's grape pop."

He handed the marked bottle to Lily who tilted it and drained half the contents at a gulp, then tilted it again and took another long pull. Suddenly her forehead puckered in consternation and she expelled a mouthful of the stuff onto the back of the snoozing hound who yelped, coughed, and slunk around the corner of the house.

Diddie blanched and said, "What's the matter?"

Champing distastefully, Lily asserted, "That's the durndest grape pop I ever tasted. It's goshamighty awful."

The incident was Diddie's undoing. After that, she could not look at Diddie without recalling decidedly unpleasant associations anything but romantic.

With no let-up the Midvale bachelors of every degree of eligibility continued to bend their unstinting efforts to reach an acquiescent niche in Lily's comportment.

Hank Everhart mooned and mooned to her over a warped guitar, but all he knew was "Jealous Heart" and its dolorous strains became intolerable even to Lily's unpractised ear.

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Sneaky Aaron Chubb stole a bottle of his sister's "Vol de Nuit" and gave it to Lily but it made her sneeze and she poured it all on Babylon who didn't seem to care one way or the other.

Gimpy Brodbeck amused her briefly by unstrapping his pegleg and doing an unusual dance by hopping on one leg while playing the jew's-harp. But no one could persuade Lily to so much as a short promenade, much less an evening at the movies, or the dreamed-of long walk in the woods. Lily simply wasn't interested, preferring instead to sweep and re-sweep every inch of the Doggett demesne, including the sour, musty chicken coop where Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego sat perpetually warming their unpropitious depressions of straw. Her broom had been wielded so long and industriously that the remaining wisps resembled nothing so much as the few sorry hairs on a granny's chin.

At last, big, simple Otto Diefenderfer, whose ethics were in keeping with his work at the slaughterhouse, proposed outright abduction. But this desperate measure was hooted down by his fellows.

It was Chicken-Neck who was visited by the inspiration to gain Lily's affections through her parents. He discerned that Hob was uncommonly receptive to the idea of his daughter's being courted by a purportedly serious young male. Chicken-Neck began to call each evening and insinuate into the conversation hints of settling down with the right girl, then cut his eyes meaningfully at Lily while Hob watched and generated approving aphorisms about connubial solidarity.

Anyone could have met Hob's broad-minded qualifications for a son-in-law, but the redoubtable Chicken-Neck was first in line and maintained his position of leading contender. Not that he genuinely had any ideas dangerous to his free, untrammelled existence, but Hob, primed with frequent gifts of Yankee Girl, was not disposed to question the sincerity of this indefatigable suitor.

"Chick," he would say, "'pears to me like you got some of that ole Doggett determination. Lil would have a conniption if I told you but I swear she's gittin' sweet on you, shore as they's a dog in Georgia."

This observation came from Hob's shrewd deductions gained from noticing that Lily allowed Chicken-Neck to remain with her on the front porch later in the evening than the others who came to call. It was only that she was becoming more accustomed to Chicken-Neck's incessant lollygagging and pointed re-

marks heavily laden with double entendre which escaped her unsophisticated perception.

It was the clear morning of a winey, sunshiny day, enough to tingle the senses of anyone who enjoyed life and as Julian Trowbridge drove toward Midvale he reflected that the day seemed to bode good for his venture into this promising town. Julian's line was household brushes which he hawked from door to door with more than a modicum of success.

He had heard that Midvale had not been visited by a brush salesman for years and with his characteristic flair for decisive action, he was proceeding to invade the quietude of the good housewives with his silver tongue and captivating raillery. It might be said that he was an opportunist, it might be said that he knew a good thing when he saw it. At any rate, it could not be said that he was unenterprising.

Julian worked from the middle of town, from one door to the next, disposing of toothbrushes, brooms, hairbrushes, toilet stool brushes and just about everything else that brushed or swept. He had come to the end of the street and was about to hustle to a new quarter when he noticed a lone and sagging house at some distance from the pavement's end.

Never a man to ignore a potential sale, however unpromising the doorway, Julian got into his coupe and drove over, pulling in behind a moribund Essex. His delighted eye caught a young female of awe-inspiring proportions raising a cloud of dust from the doorway with an anemic broom which spelled "E-A-S-Y S-A-L-E".

"Good morning to you, Miss. You may not know it, but I've come especially to see that your sweeping becomes even more of a pleasure to you than it obviously already is." Julian was already on the porch opening his richly outfitted case.

The girl stopped sweeping, and her blue eyes widened as Julian unpacked brooms lovely enough to have swept the staircase to Heaven.

"A beautiful girl like you deserves the finest broom obtainable for the utmost in pleasurable sweeping."

The beautiful girl who deserved the finest broom obtainable didn't catch all the words, but her heart fluttered and her face was graced by a smile sweet to behold in its tenderness and longing. Her beauteous bosom rose and fell distractingly as she breathed yearningly and edged closer to the perceptive Julian and his gleaming brooms.

"How could I go about gittin' me one of them purty brooms?"

Aaron Chubb was across the road skulking among the trees for no reason other than he liked to skulk and watch Lily. With mounting alarm he saw the glib stranger charm Lily into a less unreceptive air than she had ever before shown. He slipped like a wraith behind the raspberry bushes along the near boundary of Hob's land until he was directly opposite the porch, less than twenty feet from the spiel.

"Now, my dear—Lily, did you say?—Lily, we won't worry too much about the money. A little thing like that never bothers Julian Trowbridge. Perhaps something else can be worked out . . . ah . . . suppose I drop by tonight after supper and we'll go to a movie or someplace. You will have had the pleasure of using this beautiful implement and we can discuss ways and means." The cavalier Mr. Trowbridge patted Lily's supple flank and went to his car while Aaron Chubb's mouth and eyes described circular symmetries of outraged amazement.

Less than ten minutes later, Chicken-Neck's elaborate preliminaries for sinking the last ball in a fifteen-ball run were instantly forgotten as Aaron lurched breathlessly into the pool-room and wheezed, "Fellas, Chicken-Neck. It's about Lily. Come here."

The crowd sprang up around him like genii at the sound of the magical name. Graphically, terrifyingly the story was told. Julian Trowbridge emerged in the telling as a sinister synthesis of Casanova, Mephistopheles, and William Jennings Bryan. The listeners uneasily visualized the prize being usurped by this threatening invader from without.

There were indignant mutterings, resentful declamations, then violently righteous shouts. "Who does he think he is?" was a recurring one. "Sump'n oughta be done!" was another. —"comin' in from out of town like that!" "If it's gonna be anybody, it oughta be one of us!" "What'll we do?"

Always in times of crisis, there are men with the grit and mettle to tower above their ordinary selves and cope heroically with the situation. Of such stuff was Chicken-Neck. He spread his hands for silence and there was silence. With eyes narrowed and glinting, he snapped, "Aaron, take a breath. Gimpy, Diddy, go git the rest of the boys. Shake yer tails. I got a plan." The subalterns mentally saluted and rushed from the pool-room to execute the chief's bidding.

When all were once more gathered, Chicken-Neck poised himself at the head of the nearest pool-table, faced the apprehensive council of war and began, "Here 'tis." He talked swiftly, clearly, and to the point. It was a simple plan, precise, and with a solid rationale. The council's eyes lighted, heads turned toward each other and nodded. "Swell!" "Suits me!" "If that's what she wants!" "We'll show him."

Everyone dug in his pockets and dumped his contribution onto the green baize of the table. The pile of scrambled bills and smooth coins was gathered and pushed toward Chicken-Neck who counted a little over forty-six dollars.

His lieutenants clapped him on the back and urged him out the door. Chicken-Neck walked hurriedly up the street and entered Elmer Hertler's store. For some considerable time he haggled. Finally, he walked out, minus forty-six dollars and richer by an ungainly, lopsided object mysteriously shrouded in yards of brown wrapping paper.

The sun was settling into a cloudy sea of orange and lavender beyond Babylon's pen as Chicken-Neck turned into the Doggett yard. Midvale's answer to Lothario, real or legendary, was brushed and shiny from his shoes to his suit to his hair. Elegant masculine perfumes trailed from him almost visibly. As he mounted the steps, he tripped and almost dropped the heavy parcel. Across the road in the foliage, Adam's-apples jiggled and eyes bulged and blinked fearfully.

Chicken-Neck recovered himself and knocked at the rickety screen door. Hob appeared and exclaimed, "Well, if it ain't Chick! Where you preachin' tonight, boy? Whoo-ee, an' don't he stink purty! Come in, son, come in."

It was not many minutes before the straining ears in the thicket outside were rewarded by a peculiar sound keening from the house out onto the dusky evening air. A high-pitched whine like that of a neurotic buzz-saw told them that the forty-six-dollar trump had been played.

Presently the bushes quaked with excited snickers and nudges as Julian-comelately wheeled into the driveway and parked. He alighted from the car and strode to the door briskly. At his knock, Hob let him in without comment and Julian stepped into the living-room with the easy self-assurance of a musketeer come to claim the favors of a Provençal grisette. His face, rank, and equanimity dropped at the sight which confronted him.

Chicken-Neck eyed him with the indul-

gent charity that goes to the victor along with the spoils. Lily stood near caressing a glistening black handle which curved down to a chrome-plated, aerodynamic motor housing mounted on rubber wheels. Slung from the handle was a silky pouch on which was printed in gold letters "Kleen-Queen". It was, as Hob had allowed, a "right smart vackum sweeper".

Julian was almost equal to the occasion. "Well, Lily, shall we be off?"

"'Druther vack," said Lily.

"But . . . the beautiful broom. It's yours, Lily. Now you can sweep to your heart's—"

"'Druther vack."

"Well, anyway, we'd better get started, so—"

"I said—"

"You 'druther-vack." It must be said for Julian Trowbridge that he was not only alert to opportunity but was, as well, philosophically aware when one had been lost. He smiled a gay little smile, turned about, and, not forgetting to retrieve his broom, left the house in stately silence.

"It's the purtiest thing ever I see," said Lily, "an' I been to seven county fairs." She flipped the toggle switch and the motor sang to a busy crescendo while the tear-shaped headlight beamed and the glossy bag billowed into fine fullness.

Chicken-Neck's attention was on the fine fullness of the feed-sack dress as Lily maneuvered the sweeper over the balding rug and with delighted squeals slicked up lint, dog hair, and crumbs of Yankee Girl that a broom wouldn't have budged. She darted it at Weak-in-the-Poop, who coughed with ill-affected *noblesse oblige* and sidled under the chiffonier.

Chicken-Neck stretched his neck and voice over the Kleen-Queen's racket. "Lily, oh, Lily." She switched it off and turned those large blue eyes toward him. "Lily, you can drive the machine all day tomorrow and any time, but, Hell's fire, there's such a pretty moon out tonight and I was just thinkin'. How about goin' for a little walk?"

The bachelors of Midvale crouched lower in their leafy vantage point, shushed each other, and sighed with admiration, envy, and vicarious anticipation as Chicken-Neck and Lily descended from the porch and left the yard. The moon, indeed, was ripe and golden. It shone down richly on the two strolling figures one with his proprietary arm about the other's comely waist. Soon they were lost to view as they turned off the road and onto the path that led to the dark, velvety woods. ★ ★

DIAMOND DUST

(Continued from page 3)

to have him all fixed up the way you want him."

When the lady returned to the undertaking establishment, her husband's body was clothed in a dinner jacket and he wore a white gardenia in the lapel.

"Oh, this is wonderful," she said, "but how on earth did you do it so quickly?"

"That's a professional secret," the undertaker answered.

"Oh, come now," insisted the widow, "I won't tell anyone, but I'm curious. Please tell me, how did you do it?"

"It's really quite simple," replied the undertaker. "We just switch heads."

* * *

While on the macabre, we might as well relate the experience of another friend of ours, a rather ribald fellow, who moved to Brooklyn recently.

On his way home the first night, he passed the door of one of his new neighbors, on which hung a crape. After dinner, our friend said to his wife: "I see someone has died down the street, so I think I'll go down and pay my respects,"—and he was off to the house with the crape on the door, where he ran into a glorious wake which lasted until the wee hours of the morning.

The next night our friend again visited the home of the deceased until the early hours. On the third night, when he again announced his intention of visiting the bereaved home.

This time he was met at the door by the widow.

"Oh, I'm so glad to see you," the widow greeted him. "I think it just wonderful that you should visit the house to pay your last respects to my husband, whom you didn't even know. As a matter of fact, I'd like your advice on something that has been bothering me. I cannot make up my mind whether to bury my husband or have him cremated. What would you advise?"

Our friend pondered the matter for a few moments, then came up with a typical—for him—solution.

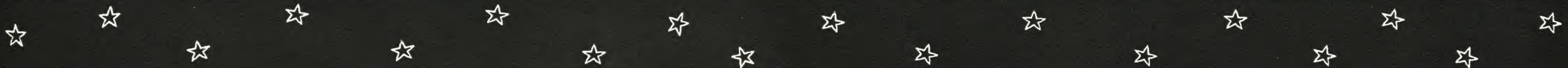
"Why don't you stuff the bum and keep the party going?" he suggested, hopefully.

DAFFY DICTIONARY

Uncanny (—kan'i) *adj.* A 40-room house with no bathrooms. ★ ★



*What's cooking? Who cares now? But,
if you must pin us down, we'd say Coreen
not only is cooking, she's burning.*





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9. Someone's Rocking My Dreamboat
10. Talk of The Town
11. Until The Real Thing Comes Along
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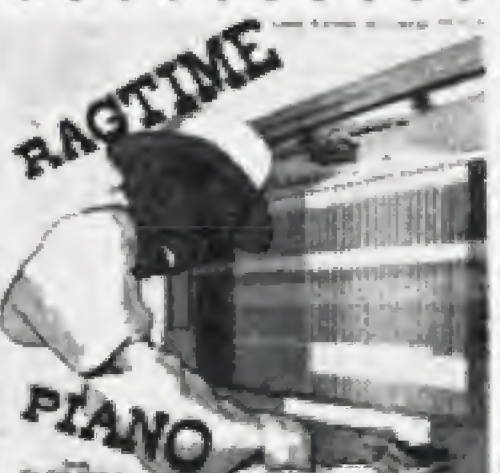
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